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THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The principal aim and object of this Society is to form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour. The subsidiary objects are: The study of ancient and modern religions, philosophies and sciences, and the demonstration of the importance of such study; and the investigation of the unexplained laws of nature and the psychical powers latent in man.

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NOTES AND COMMENTS

OCTOBER, 1926

The Theosophical Society, as such, is not responsible for any opinion or declaration in this magazine, by whomsoever expressed, unless contained in an official document.

Among the Celestials

WE have been told that Prince Siddhartha, son of King Suddhodana and Queen Maya, born in the ancient city of Kapila, was initiated into the archaic Wisdom by the great Teachers of the Snowy Mountains; that he ran so well as to outstrip his predecessors, attaining to a height of spiritual illumination and power rarely reached even by the greatest Masters; and that he determined, so far as was possible within the limits of pledged silence, to reveal the path of immortality to all who were willing to enter it, without regard to boundaries of race or restrictions of birth. So there were, among his immediate disciples, men and women of all castes, or of none; and his Arhats, in later generations, obeying the same principle of spiritual generosity, carried his teaching of the Path to nations outside India, to the East and West and North and South, thus establishing a universal brotherhood of seekers of the Light.

If Siddhartha the Compassionate, attaining to full illumination and recognized as the Buddha, held the steadfast purpose to let the light from the back of the heavens shine into all receptive hearts, we should expect to find in his teachings some unveiling, perhaps, of the hidden life of Masters, members of the great Lodge of Immortals; an unveiling which yet leaves a veil, so that the heedless and light-minded will pass it by, discerning nothing, or seeing the surface only; so that those alone who hold the clue of immortal aspiration will find the way to the hidden meaning.

Perhaps we are justified in thinking that, in one or more of the Suttas recording the Buddha's teaching, there is such an unveiling, which nevertheless retains a veil; the realities are put on record, yet in a form that may be taken for a parable, or a fairy story with a conventional moral.

These Suttas would appear to belong to a period rather late in the Buddha's public life, after he had been teaching through a long series of years, sowing

the seeds of knowledge with a generous hand, up and down the broad central valley of the Ganges among many tribes, in many cities; a period so prolonged that a number of those who had heard and loved and followed him had already completed their earthly pilgrimage and had entered realms unseen by the eyes of men.

And it would seem that the Buddha, seeking to kindle the faith and fervour of his younger followers, and to bring to them a firmer realization of spiritual law and spiritual realms, had fallen into the habit of describing to them the attainment of one or another of his disciples, relating that such and such a level of spiritual light and life had been won by them, that they had entered one or another of the ascending spiritual worlds, and that destiny would thereafter open to them certain further opportunities.

At such a time, then, toward the close of his outward mission, the Master was dwelling at Nadika, where there was a hall built of brick, surrounded by many dwellings for his disciples; he had been telling his disciples, concerning those who had already completed their span of life and had gone forth to the higher worlds, that such a one had ascended to one world, such a one had ascended to another world; he had spoken of followers of his, among the people of Kasi and Kosala, of the Kurus and Panchalas and many others in the valley of the Ganges. He had spoken also of the people of Nadika, saying that more than fifty of them had broken the fetters of the lower nature, and, going forth from this world, had been reborn without parents in one of the spiritual worlds; more than ninety, of lesser attainment, had broken three of the fetters of the lower nature, wearing through the veils of passion and sin and delusion, so that at their first return to this world they would make an end of misery; more than five hundred had entered the river that flows to the ocean of immortality. And those of Nadika who heard this declaration of the Master rejoiced, with joy and gladness born in their hearts.

The noble Ananda also heard, and, hearing, pondered within his heart, thinking that there were also many disciples, followers of the Master, belonging to the land of Magadha; disciples who had followed the Buddha for many years, full of joy and faith in the Master, full of joy and faith in the Law of Righteousness, full of joy and faith in the Order, disciples who had completed their span of life and had gone forth to higher worlds; and that concerning these people of Magadha the Master had made no declaration. Yet such a declaration would bring peace to the hearts of many in Magadha, so that they would go forward rejoicing, in the good way. There was also Seniya Bimbasara, ruler of Magadha, righteous, a righteous king, beloved alike of Brahmans and householders, of the townsfolk and of all the people who united in speaking his praises; he had fulfilled his span of years and had gone forth, leaving a fair renown behind him. King Bimbasara also had been full of faith and joy in the Buddha, full of faith and joy in the Law of Righteousness, full of faith and joy in the Order. Yet concerning this righteous king the Master had made no declaration, though such a declaration would bring peace to the hearts of many in Magadha, so that they would go forward rejoicing, in

the good way. Was it not among the people of Magadha that the Master had attained to Buddhahood? But if concerning his followers from among the people of Magadha, who had fulfilled their span of years and had gone forth, the Master made no declaration, the disciples of Magadha would be heavy hearted. How, then, should the Master not make a declaration regarding a matter because of which the disciples of Magadha were heavy hearted?

Thus the noble Ananda pondered with himself in secret; then rising when the night was ending with the coming of the dawn, he went to the dwelling of the Master, and, reverently saluting the Master, he seated himself at a little distance from him. Thus seated near the Master, the noble Ananda spoke to the Master of what was in his heart: the Master had made declarations concerning many disciples belonging to many tribes, disciples who had fulfilled their span of years and had gone forth, saying that one had gone to one spiritual realm and another to another; that those would return no more, that these, returning once, would make an end of misery; and, hearing this, peace had come to the hearts of many belonging to these tribes, and they had gone forward rejoicing, in the good way. Concerning the people of Nadika also, among whom they were even then dwelling, the Master had made a like declaration, bringing peace to the hearts of many. But with regard to the disciples of Magadha, in whose land the Master had attained to Buddhahood, no declaration had been made, nor had the Master said anything of King Bimbasara, righteous, a righteous king, who had been full of faith and joy in the Buddha, full of faith and joy in the Law of Righteousness, full of faith and joy in the Order, and who, having fulfilled his span of years, had gone forth from this world. Because of this, because the Master had made no declaration, the people of Magadha were heavy of heart. Thus the noble Ananda spoke of the matters he had pondered in secret, and having told these things to the Master face to face, rising from his seat, reverently saluting the Master and keeping his right side turned toward the Master, he departed.

Not long after the departure of the noble Ananda, when the day was coming toward noon, the Master, taking the saffron scarf which he wore across his shoulder, and taking also his mendicant bowl, went forth to the town of Nadika to receive an offering of food. Then, after the noonday meal, returning to his dwelling and washing the dust from his feet, he entered the brick hall and seated himself on the seat that had been prepared for him. Seated thus, he pondered concerning the disciples of the land of Magadha, with his whole consciousness intent upon the matter, determining within himself to seek and perceive the way they had taken, and what was their condition in the great beyond. Seeking thus, the Master perceived the way that had been taken by the disciples of Magadha who had gone forth, and what was their condition in the great beyond. Then, when evening was come, the Master rose from his meditation and, departing from the brick hall, returned to his own dwelling.

At that time the noble Ananda, going to the Master's dwelling, reverently saluting him, seated himself at a little distance from him. Beholding the Master, the noble Ananda said:

"Master, thy appearance is serene and joyful! The face of my Master shines, as it were, in the serenity of all his powers! To-day the Master's heart is full of peace!"

"Regarding what thou saidest to me, Ananda, concerning the disciples of the land of Magadha, after I had gone to Nadika to receive food, and had returned, I entered the brick hall and, seating myself, intended my whole consciousness upon the matter, determined to seek and perceive the way that these disciples had taken, and what was their condition in the great beyond. Seeking thus, I perceived the way that they had taken, and what their condition was in the great beyond."

The Buddha then entered upon the relation already alluded to, as being, perhaps, a revelation of the Lodge of Masters, in the form of a parable, or even a fairy story. The Buddha continued thus to Ananda:

"Thereupon, Ananda, a denizen of the spiritual world caused these words to be heard by me, while remaining invisible: 'Leader-of-men am I, Master! Leader-of-men am I, Welcome One!' Hast thou, Ananda, up to this time heard such a name as this, Leader-of-men?"

"I have not hitherto heard, Sire, such a name as Leader-of-men; nevertheless, hearing it, I marvel, so that my hair stands on end. And I think, Sire, that no lesser denizen of the spiritual world could bear such a name as this, Leader-of-men!"

"Immediately, Ananda, after he had caused these words to be heard, this denizen of the spiritual world, assuming a material form, became visible before me, face to face, and spoke thus: 'Bimbasara am I, Master! Bimbasara am I, Welcome One! This is the seventh time now that I have been born into the presence of the Maharaja Vessavana. Going forth from life, ceasing to be a ruler of men, I am a ruler of those who are more than men, in the divine realm. Seven and seven lives do I know, fourteen lives, my dwellings in times gone by. Long time already do I know that I have passed beyond the state of bondage; I shall return to birth but once again.'

"Wonderful indeed, marvellous indeed, is this saying of the noble Leader-of-men: 'Long time already do I know that I have passed beyond the state of bondage,' sayest thou; 'I shall return to birth but once again,' sayest thou. What is the cause of this excellent attainment?"

"'None other than the teaching of the Master! None other than the teaching of the Welcome One! From what time I came to the Master, becoming his disciple, from that time have I known that I have passed beyond the state of bondage, and that I shall return to birth but once again. And now, Sire, I have been sent by the Maharaja Vessavana to the Maharaja Virulhaka on a certain matter, and passing on my way I saw the Master seated in the brick hall, pondering over the disciples of the land of Magadha, intending his whole consciousness upon the matter, determined to know what way these disciples had taken, and what was their condition in the great beyond. It so befell, Sire, that in the assembly of the Maharaja Vessavana I had heard and learned this very thing, face to face. Therefore, I bethought me that I would

show and declare this matter to the Master. Seeing the question in the Master's mind, and knowing the answer, for these two reasons I have come to show the matter to the Master! In days past, Sire, in days that are past, at the time of the sacred festival, all the Radiant Ones of the Thirty-three were assembled in the Hall of Righteousness and were seated together; mighty was the divine assembly when they were all assembled together, with the Four Maharajas seated in the four directions. In the East was the Maharaja Dhatarattha, seated facing the West, before the Radiant Ones. In the South was the Maharaja Virulhaka, seated facing the North, before the Radiant Ones. In the West was the Maharaja Virupakka, seated facing the East, before the Radiant Ones. In the North was the Maharaja Vessavana, seated facing the South, before the Radiant Ones. When, Sire, all the Radiant Ones of the Thirty-three were assembled in the Hall of Righteousness, and were seated, mighty was the divine assembly; the Four Maharajas were seated in the four directions, and we were seated behind them. And those Radiant Ones, Sire, who had served in the service of the Eternal under the Master, they who had come but recently to the Thirty-three, outshone the other Radiant Ones in beauty and in glory. Because of this, indeed, the Radiant Ones of the Thirty-three rejoiced and exulted and were glad in heart, saying: "The ranks of the Divine are filled, the ranks of the powers of Evil are diminished!"

"'Thereupon, Sire, Indra, Chief of the Radiant Ones, beholding the great rejoicing of the Radiant Ones of the Thirty-three, joyfully uttered these sentences:

"'"'The Radiant Ones of the Thirty-three with their Chief rejoice, paying homage to the Tathagata and to the righteousness of the Law of Righteousness. Beholding new Radiant Ones, rich in beauty and in glory, who have come hither after serving in the service of the Eternal under the Welcome One, these outshine the others in their beauty and their glory, disciples of him who is Mighty in Wisdom, come among us. Seeing this, the Radiant Ones of the Thirty-three with their Chief rejoice, paying homage to the Tathagata and the righteousness of the Law of Righteousness."

"'Thereupon, Sire, the Radiant Ones of the Thirty-three, rejoicing with still greater joy, exulted and were glad in heart, saying: "The ranks of the Divine are filled, the ranks of the powers of Evil are diminished."'"

We may pause for a moment to consider the meaning of the Thirty-three. It would seem that each of the Four Maharajas, representing the four manifested spiritual rays, presides over seven degrees of Radiant Ones, so that we have four times seven, with the Four Maharajas and Indra, the Chief, added, making in all thirty-three. The significance of Sanatkumara, in the passages which follow, is suggested in one of the great Upanishads. He who was Bimbasara thus continues:

"'So, Sire, when the Radiant Ones of the Thirty-three, assembled in the Hall of Righteousness, had fully considered the purpose for which they had assembled and had taken counsel concerning it, when the Four Maharajas had duly recorded what had been considered and decided, when the

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Four Maharajas had completed the record, they remained each in his own place.

"'As they remained thus, Sire, radiant, serene in heart, there was born in the northern region a splendour of light, a bright shining became manifest surpassing even the radiant glory of the Radiant Ones. Thereupon Indra, the Chief of the Radiant Ones announced, "Venerable ones, according as these signs reveal, when this splendour of light is born and the bright shining is manifested, Brahma will be manifested, for these are the precedent signs for the manifestation of Brahma, the birth of the splendour and the shining of the light."

"'The Radiant Ones of the Thirty-three, seated each on his seat, spoke thus, "We shall know the splendour and what will proceed from it, we shall see face to face!" The Four Maharajas also, each seated on his seat, spoke thus, "We shall know the splendour and what will proceed from it, we shall see face to face!" Hearing this, the Radiant Ones of the Thirty-three concentrated, full of serenity, responded, "We shall know the splendour and what will proceed from it, we shall see face to face!"

"'When, Sire, Brahma Sanatkumara makes himself manifest to the Radiant Ones of the Thirty-three, he fashions for himself a visible, objective form, because the form of Brahma, as he is in his proper being, cannot be perceived by the Radiant Ones of the Thirty-three through the pathway of the eyes. When Brahma Sanatkumara makes himself manifest to the Radiant Ones of the Thirty-three he outshines the other Radiant Ones in beauty and in glory. As a statue of gold outshines a human body even so, verily, when Brahma Sanatkumara becomes manifest to the Radiant Ones of the Thirty-three, does he outshine the other Radiant Ones in beauty and in glory. When Brahma Sanatkumara makes himself manifest to the Radiant Ones of the Thirty-three, no one of the Radiant Ones speaks in his presence, nor does any rise from his seat, nor does any offer a seat. All remain silent, with palms pressed together in reverent adoration, thinking thus within themselves, "Whomsoever of the Radiant Ones Brahma Sanatkumara shall wish, he will seat himself beside him." When Brahma Sanatkumara thus seats himself beside any one of the Radiant Ones, that Radiant One receives a glorious accession of illumination, he receives a glorious accession of joy. As when a warrior King is anointed and invested with sovereignty, he receives a glorious accession of illumination, he receives a glorious accession of joy, even so, when Brahma Sanatkumara seats himself beside any one of the Radiant Ones that Radiant One receives a glorious accession of illumination, he receives a glorious accession of joy.

"'So, Sire, Brahma Sanatkumara, having fashioned for himself a visible objective form, becoming as a Luminous Youth adorned with a fivefold crest, made himself manifest to the Radiant Ones of the Thirty-three Rising in the air, he remained seated in the mid-region of space. As, Sire, a mighty man might seat himself upon a bench, or on a seat upon the earth, even so, verily Brahma Sanatkumara, rising in the air, remained seated in the mid-

region of space. Beholding the assembly of the Radiant Ones of the Thirty-three, he addressed to them these sentences:

"'"'The Radiant Ones of the Thirty-three rejoice together with their Chief, making obeisance to the Tathagata and to the righteousness of the Law of Righteousness, beholding new Radiant Ones, rich in beauty, rich in glory, who have served in the service of the Eternal under the Welcome One, and have come hither. They outshine the other Radiant Ones in beauty and in glory and in power, coming hither, disciples of him who is Perfect in Wisdom. Beholding this, the Radiant Ones of the Thirty-three rejoice with their Chief, making obeisance to the Tathagata and to the righteousness of the Law of Righteousness."

"'Thus, Sire, did Brahma Sanatkumara speak. As Brahma Sanatkumara spoke thus, his voice had eight qualities: it was clearly enounced, easily understood, in tone delightful, well heard, limpid, concentrated, deep, resounding. While Brahma Sanatkumara addressed the assembly, his voice did not go outside the assembly. Of whatever voice there are these eight qualities, that voice is called a Brahma-voice.

"'Then Brahma Sanatkumara, fashioning for himself thirty-three forms such as are the forms of the Radiant Ones of the Thirty-three, seating himself on the several seats beside each one of the Radiant Ones of the Thirty-three, spoke thus:

"'"'What think the worthy Radiant Ones of the Thirty-three? So ardently does the Master desire the welfare of mankind, the happiness of mankind, with heart of compassion for the whole world, seeking the fulfilment, the welfare, the happiness of Radiant Ones and men. For they who have taken refuge in the Buddha, who have taken refuge in the Law of Righteousness, who have taken refuge in the Order, they, verily, separated from the body, after death, are born into the company of the Radiant Ones of the sixth and highest realm of Devaloka, or into the company of the Radiant Ones of the fifth realm of Devaloka, or into the company of the Radiant Ones of the fourth realm of Devaloka, or into the company of the Radiant Ones of the third realm of Devaloka, or into the company of the Radiant Ones of the second realm of Devaloka, or into the company of the Radiant Ones of the first realm of Devaloka, while they who attain to a body of lesser excellence, they indeed, put on bodies like those of the heavenly musicians."

"'To this purpose, Sire, spoke Brahma Sanatkumara. While Brahma Sanatkumara spoke to this purpose, each of the Radiant Ones thought: "He who is seated beside me, he alone, verily is speaking!"

"'Thereafter, Sire, Brahma Sanatkumara gathered himself together into a single form, and, having gathered himself together into a single form, and seating himself beside Indra, the Chief, thus addressed the Radiant Ones of the Thirty-three:

"'"'What think the worthy Radiant Ones of the Thirty-three? Has not the Master, he who knows, he who sees, the Arhat fully illuminated, well declared and made known the four bases of spiritual power, for the attainment of

spiritual power, for the development of spiritual power, for the expansion of spiritual power? What are these four bases? The first basis is ardent desire and aspiration attaining to excellence through concentration and effort; the second is manly courage attaining to excellence through concentration and effort; the third is right imagination attaining to excellence through concentration and effort; the fourth is right insight attaining to excellence through concentration and effort. These four bases of spiritual power have been made known by the Master, he who knows, he who sees, the Arhat fully illuminated, for the attainment of spiritual power, for the development of spiritual power, for the expansion of spiritual power. Whoever, in the times that are past, among those who strive, seekers of the Eternal, have attained in any measure to spiritual power, all these have attained through increasing and abounding in these four bases. Whoever, in the times that are not yet come, among those who strive, seekers of the Eternal, shall attain in any measure to spiritual power, all these shall attain through increasing and abounding in these four bases. Whoever at the present time, among those who strive, seekers of the Eternal, are attaining in any measure to spiritual power, they are attaining through increasing and abounding in these four bases. Do the worthy Radiant Ones of the Thirty-three behold this transcendent form and power of mine?"

"'"Verily so, Brahma!"

"'"I also have attained this transcendent form and power through increasing and abounding in these four bases."'"

Perhaps it would be best to leave this strange and magnificent story without commentary, for intuition to seek its hidden meaning. Yet it may be helpful to bring together certain parallels from *The Secret Doctrine*.

The fifth Section of Stanza V records that "Fohat takes five strides, and builds a winged wheel at each corner of the square for the Four Holy Ones and their Armies." Commenting on this, the author tells us that, from a cosmic point of view, Fohat taking "Five Strides" refers here to the five upper planes of Consciousness and Being, the sixth and the seventh (counting downwards) being the astral and the terrestrial, or the two lower planes. These seven would seem to correspond to the six degrees or planes of Devaloka, above the plane of the celestial musicians, making seven in all as recounted by Sanatkumara. The author goes on to explain the Four Winged Wheels at each corner for the Four Holy Ones and their Hosts, telling us that these are the Four Maharajas, or great Kings, of the Dhyan Chohans, the Devas (or Radiant Ones) who preside each over one of the four cardinal points. They are the Regents who rule over the Cosmical Forces of North, South, East and West, Forces having each a distinct Occult property. These Beings are also connected with Karma, as the latter needs physical and material agents to carry out its decrees. This would seem to be the reason why the Buddha, or he who was King Bimbasara, his informant, depicts the Four Maharajas as Recorders, putting on record the decisions of the assembly of the Radiant Ones in the Hall of Righteousness, at the time of the holy festival.

Again, we may find a parallel for the mysterious and majestic Sanatkumara, the brooding Divinity above the assembled Radiant Ones, in a later passage of *The Secret Doctrine*, in the Commentary on the seventh Section of Stanza VI. There we are told of a Wondrous Being, called the "Initiator," and after him a group of semi-divine and semi-human Beings. We are further told that the Being referred to is the Tree from which, in subsequent ages, all the great historically known Sages and Hierophants have branched forth. As objective man, he is the mysterious (to the profane—the ever invisible, yet ever present) Personage, about whom legends are rife in the East, especially among the Occultists and the students of the Sacred Science. It is he who changes form, yet remains ever the same. And it is he, again, who holds spiritual sway over the initiated Adepts throughout the whole world. He is the "Nameless One" who has so many names and yet whose names and whose very nature are unknown. He is the "Initiator," called the "Great Sacrifice." For, sitting at the Threshold of Light, he looks into it from within the Circle of Darkness, which he will not cross; nor will he quit his post till the last Day of this Life-Cycle.

"Why does the Solitary Watcher remain at his self-chosen post? Why does he sit by the Fountain of Primeval Wisdom, of which he drinks no longer, for he has naught to learn which he does not know—aye, neither on this Earth, nor in its Heaven? Because the lonely, sore-footed Pilgrims, on their journey back to their Home, are never sure, to the last moment, of not losing their way, in this limitless desert of Illusion and Matter called Earth-Life. Because he would fain show the way to that region of freedom and light, from which he is a voluntary exile himself, to every prisoner who has succeeded in liberating himself from the bonds of flesh and illusion. Because, in short, he has sacrificed himself for the sake of Mankind, though but a few elect may profit by the Great Sacrifice. It is under the direct, silent guidance of this Maha-Guru that all other less divine Teachers and Instructors of Mankind became, from the first awakening of human consciousness, the guides of early Humanity."

One passage more from *The Secret Doctrine*, which we may compare with the closing words of the great Sanatkumara: "The Doctrine teaches that, in order to become a divine, fully conscious God—aye, even the highest—the Spiritual Primeval Intelligences must pass through the human stage." Or, as Sanatkumara says: "I also have attained this transcendent form and power through increasing and abounding in these four bases." We might well consider how far the four bases are available for ourselves.

FRAGMENTS

COME to me when the lights are dim, O whisper of the Infinite. Remind me of the Eternal Years, and rest my heart in the knowledge of thy invariableness. When I see only the confusion and the darkness about me, when I hear only discord or the roar of the crowd, quiet me with an undertone of Reality, that I may know again the murmur of the wings of the angels, and be lifted by them to where I catch an echo of the music of the stars.

If the Master stood smiling at thee across the Threshold, wouldst thou fear?

Nay, so that I knew that it were he.

Live then to-day, and in the days to come, upon that Threshold, looking for him; seeking to find and gain, by every art of virtue thou canst practise, the magic of that smile. When the last moment comes, when the last sand slips within the glass, then thy effort will receive fullest satisfaction. Thou wilt step radiant, unconscious, eagerly across that strip of dark, to know thyself enveloped in those Arms—only the best come true, only the beautiful retained.

CAVÉ.

NATION AND INDIVIDUAL

THE average human being may explain his actions to himself or to others, but what does he know of his real motives? His conscious life is only a film on the surface of the "great deep" of a subconscious nature. The forces causing changes of tension in the film, rise like bubbles from an invisible depth.

When the individual first aspires to self-knowledge, he is appalled by some revelation of the ocean of his ignorance. How can he hope to fathom it? What is the use even of beginning such a task? If he were the only person in the world, there could be no hope for him; but luckily there are others, many others. Their experience can supplement his own. Because of the variety of human nature, the causes and results of every conceivable course of human action have been illustrated in objective fashion by scores of examples.

Let the aspirant to self-knowledge regard more attentively the film of his consciousness. He will see that at some points it is less opaque than at others, so that the darkness beneath is penetrated here and there by a ray of light. What he discovers there is invaluable, not only for himself but for all mankind. No one else can discern exactly what he discerns, because no two films of consciousness can be exactly alike.

As he can teach others, so others can teach him. What he cannot see, another has seen. We are all adrift upon the same sea of mystery; and by the powers of sympathy and imagination, each one is able—as we know—to use the experience of his fellows to increase the transparency of his mind. The wise man reaches the maximum of understanding with the minimum of personal involvement.

The study of history ought to be especially valuable as an aid to the comprehension of an individual consciousness, for history synthesizes the experience of many individuals. In the life of some nation the student may hope to find a clear exposition of many elements that he recognizes as present but hidden in himself.

For example, there is the history of France, which may be said to have begun with the victory of Clovis over the Germans in 496 A.D. The traditional account of that event cannot fail to awaken a feeling of kinship between France and any individual who has ever dedicated his life to a Master; for in the name of the Gallo-Roman province which was then reborn in the form of a nation, Clovis is said to have dedicated France to the Master Christ.[1] A student of Theosophy, who believes that the nations of the world will all be

[1] Some historians consider the whole episode as mythical. Perhaps it was, but if Clovis did not thus dedicate France, such a vow must have been made by another. Otherwise, Jeanne d'Arc's conception of her mission is unintelligible. The coronation of Charles VII was her objective because it *reawakened* France to the sense of its consecration.

governed in a future Golden Age by Adept Kings, finds a prophetic significance in the symbolic act of the old Merovingian, half-barbarian though he was. Nor does its meaning lessen, as he considers the vicissitudes of French history which reveal the trials of an inarticulate and struggling aspiration. As many persons are in an analogous condition, inarticulately struggling forward and still only half-civilized, it is not remarkable that the story of France should so often seem to parallel their own.

It seldom happens that the simple affirmation of one's devotion is in itself of sufficient force to transmute the nature immediately, once and for all. . The lower nature will continue to exist as heretofore and may on occasion seem to be strengthened rather than weakened by the new condition. In fact, the chief difference between the life of nascent aspiration and the ordinary life of the world seems to be one of intensity of consciousness. Both pleasure and pain are felt more acutely by the aspirant; the mountains of exhilaration loom higher for him and the valleys of depression seem lower.

A similar intensity distinguishes France from the other nations of mediæval and modern Europe. Its greater vividness of mind and feeling has been externalized in a history incomparably more romantic and dramatic than that of any other Western people known to us. Periods of political discipline and artistic creation alternate with periods of crisis and negation. But the same might be said of every nation. It is characteristic of France that its actions have been so vigorous and its reactions so severe. And not once but many times its recovery from some crisis has appeared supernormal. The pure heroism of Jeanne d'Arc and the "Miracle of the Marne" saved France at two periods of its history, when, according to the laws of probability, it was doomed to final destruction. Some spark of real vitality has persisted, as it persists in every individual so long as he refuses to acknowledge defeat, and one may believe that, by virtue of this spark, the link between France and its Adept King has never been broken, though men have seldom retained personal consciousness of it.

Let us consider in some detail one of the great cycles of French history roughly covering the period between 1675 and 1800. It is necessary to apologize at the outset for the effort to sketch what seem to be the main outlines of that epoch. Many important factors must be omitted and the need for brevity must make the general effect of the picture highly impressionistic. But there is the justification that the object of the study is not to write history in the technical sense of the word, but to suggest a way in which the individual may find his own consciousness illumined and clarified by the contemplation of a national consciousness. Therefore, if he so choose, every student can try to fill in the missing details for himself.

The end of the Seventeenth Century witnessed the culmination of the most magnificent era of the old monarchy. A vigorous and disciplined spirit was at work, shaping the old traditions of France into new and stately forms. It was an age of constructive genius, the age of Bossuet and Racine, of Colbert and

Turenne, of Louis le Grand; and though there were many types of activity upon many planes, one may conceive of them all as expressions of the same kind of consciousness. Of this consciousness the dominating faculty was the will. Thought, personal desire and physical action were none the less active, but they were rigorously subjected to the purposes accepted by the will as its proper objects. If we turn over the pages of some literary work of that time, we are ceaselessly impressed by its symmetry, by its fidelity to classical rules, by its restraint of the imagination, by its preoccupation with form. Form was sought, however, not as an escape from reality but as the rational expression of life. If an idea could not be given a form, it was to be dismissed as unworthy, for the will cannot attain the realization of an idea, unless it knows what it is seeking to attain. In other words, the function of thought was to make clear the objectives of the will. It is sometimes supposed that such an attitude cramps the mind and is therefore not creative. The exact opposite appears to be the truth. The mind of itself creates nothing; only when it is clearly recognized as a vehicle of a higher power, can it serve to produce something on this plane which was never produced there before. This higher power in man manifests, at least in part, as the will to discern clearly some course of action and then to follow that course to the end.

It is not difficult to find a counterpart of the Seventeenth Century of France in one's individual experience. Everyone must have known times when it seemed easy to think clearly and sensibly, easy to will and easy to act; when one was aware of a reënforcement of all one's powers. Seeking some analogy for this experience, the student of Theosophy may recall the law of cycles and may note the correspondence between those golden moments and physical periods, like the spring of the year, when living things receive an influx of force from the buried reservoirs of Nature.

But who can look back upon his phases of "good fortune" with unmixed satisfaction? What happened then seemed to happen in spite of himself. The tide of life carried him forward, while he remained the same old Adam, self-absorbed, self-indulgent, full of little desires and little fears. He failed to use the opportunity to grow, as it should have been used, as plants and other natural creatures use it, for purposes of evolution. The pure ray of creative energy was stained and deflected by the unregenerate human nature through which it passed.

Turning back to France of the late Seventeenth Century, we observe the traces of such a deflection. Louis XIV himself illustrates the failings of his age as clearly as he represents its triumphs. He rightly believed in the sanctity of his Kingship, but his contemplation of the divine purpose which he was called to fulfil was neither constant nor pure. Like so many great men, he made the mistake of confusing the person with the office, so that at certain moments when he imagined himself to be seeking the glorification of the Divine Will, he was really seeking the glorification of himself. As he grew older, an element of self-satisfaction and egotism entered into the fibre of his thought, into the motives of every significant act. Self-satisfaction was directly responsible for

many of the military disasters which closed his reign. It was one cause of the religious intolerance and pietism, which drove thousands of honest and industrious subjects into permanent exile. It produced all that excess of meaningless etiquette at Versailles, which was destined to make the Court ridiculous when other and feebler monarchs sat upon the throne. It urged him towards the false policy of weakening the prestige of the old feudal nobility by detaching them from their proper functions as a landed aristocracy, and by attaching them as valets and lackeys to his person. Thereby he destroyed the intermediary between the central government and the undifferentiated multitude. In so doing, he completed the work of Richelieu and broke with the hierarchical principle which had been an integral part of French tradition. Instead of seeking the preservation and right direction of the powers of the nobles, he sought to add their duties and rights to his own prerogative. The monarchy lost its proper form as a presiding and synthesizing force and tended to become an autocracy dependent upon the *personality* of the King.

Spring and summer are followed by autumn and winter, when the tide of life recedes. After action comes reaction, when we lose the vitalizing awareness of being sustained and propelled by a divine power. If we are still to continue our advance, it must be by our own efforts. A sailing vessel is helpless in a calm, unless it be equipped with oars or with a motor. So the individual or the nation becomes decadent, if it be incapable of acting for itself, when the support and pressure of an external stimulus is withdrawn. The measure of its ability then to act for itself will be largely dependent upon the degree to which its conduct was disinterested and pure of motive while the external stimulus was reinforcing its powers. This does not imply that failure upon the ascending arc of a cycle means a necessary and corresponding failure upon the descending arc. The history of France, as already suggested, indicates what our personal experience should confirm—that the "winter of our discontent" may at last arouse in us a reaction more heroic than the easy response which we make to the invigorating fire of the spring.

Unfortunately this heroic reawakening of the will by its own efforts seldom comes until hope and often life itself are all but lost. The eighteenth century in France was a long slope growing more precipitous towards its close, and down this incline the nation moved, gathering momentum as it descended. The last and fatal precipice was reached before the fall was checked.

The first clear signs of the coming winter may be discerned in the changed mood of the government that succeeded Louis XIV. The Duc d'Orléans, who acted as Regent during the minority of Louis XV, was a man of intelligence and imagination but not of will, and in this respect he was the prototype of a whole line of ministers of state. The tide of life had receded from the plane of the will though it had not yet withdrawn from the plane of intelligence.

One obvious result of this process was a sudden dearth of great men of action. With the doubtful exception of Choiseul, there was not a single French statesman or soldier during the long reign of Louis XV who conceived of his duties as involving anything but intrigue or tactical display. England and

Prussia, whose national cycles seem to have been in another phase, were quick to profit by the paralysis of the French power. The colonial empire of Louis XIV was lost by a series of military and diplomatic fiascos, and the new and terrible power of Prussia was allowed to consolidate itself across the Rhine.

The great man of the Louis XV period was a man of thought, Voltaire. As Louis XIV had incarnated the discipline and egotism, the creative will and the formality of his reign, so Voltaire concentrated in his person the most positive quality of his contemporaries, the habit of intense and feverish thinking. The mental activity exhibited by Voltaire and the Encyclopedists was more continuous, more varied, more violent than that of their predecessors; but it was not a constructive activity. Wit and lucidity and vigour,—Voltaire had them all, but his strength was in his mind, not in his will. His work lacks the creative spark which results from the application of thought to an ideal of action. Perhaps, that is why for one person who reads Voltaire to-day, there are twenty who read Molière or Pascal.

In any event, Voltaire used his intellectual powers to make the old régime ridiculous. This work of destruction was, of course, not necessarily evil; not only did the forms of tradition embody evil as well as good, but they had ceased in many instances to mean anything at all, for men had forgotten what they symbolized. However, Voltaire's spirit was bitter and cynical and inhuman. He was disgusted with actual conditions as he saw them, and he attacked them with logic and humour, but less because he expected or even hoped that any change for the better might come than because it gratified his spleen.

It would be incorrect to speak of the Voltairean mode of thought as if it constituted the only mode of intellection of which the time was capable. The French Eighteenth Century produced a plastic art without high inspiration but exquisite in detail and finish, and there were among the experimental scientists genuine builders of ideas, such as Lavoisier and Buffon and Lamarck. However, the line of least resistance was the line of Voltaire. Who has not known a similar condition in his own nature? Is not our first and automatic response to the approach of winter in our souls a sentiment of bitterness, a resentment against things in general which we support with every mental argument that we can command?

The arguments of Voltaire would have been barren, would probably never have found utterance, if there had not been an appreciative audience. That audience may be typified in "the first gentleman of France," the King, Louis XV. Much has been written of the exceptional perversity and ineptitude of Louis XV, but the cause of his failures seems to have been something very simple and within the compass of everyone's experience. He suffered from boredom and allowed himself finally to be actually obsessed by his fear of a chasm, of a great emptiness of sensation towards which his moments appeared to drive him. Boredom assumed in him the form of an acute disease, paralyzing his faculties and leaving him a prey to scandal and intrigue.

It is the tragedy of his life that the effective cure of his ennui was at hand, but he never dared use it, for he imagined that it would make the disease worse

than ever. This cure was the faithful performance of his duties as King of France. To escape from the spectre of those duties, Louis XV sought a relief that never came, in pleasure and relaxation.

Thus he set the fashion of a gracious and elegant neglect of duty, and prepared the atmosphere necessary for the reception of the poisonous suggestions of Voltaire. An idle and bored aristocracy desired nothing better than an excuse for their infidelity to the traditions of their caste. Why should they bother with those traditions, when Voltaire was so successfully representing all tradition as a farce?

As the century grew older, a new change in consciousness began to manifest itself. The life-force, which had first withdrawn from the will, next began to forsake the mental-intellectual plane where Voltaire found expression, and to stimulate to excessive activity certain centres of the emotional nature. As it had become difficult to use the will, so now it was difficult to think clearly and logically, at the same time that it was easy to be emotional. Whatever may be said of Voltaire and his audience, their bitterness had not been sentimental. But that was before the coming of the next "great man," Jean-Jacques Rousseau.

Rousseau, whose theories suggest a psychic distortion of the *Tao-Teh-King*, preached a "return to nature," meaning by nature the state of man before he was corrupted by civilization. For him the institutions and traditions ridiculed by Voltaire were worse than farcical; they represented all the wrongs that man had invented since the Golden Age, when there were no kings or aristocrats, and all men dwelt together free and equal. Doubtless, man is good by nature, but Rousseau interpreted this ancient conception as meaning that an individual has only to "expand," to express himself, and the result must be beautiful. As Professor Babbitt writes: "All the traditional forms that stand in the way of this free emotional expansion, he (Rousseau) denounces as mere 'prejudices' and inclines to look on those who administer these forms as a gang of conspirators who are imposing an arbitrary and artificial restraint on the natural goodness of man and so keeping it from manifesting itself. With the final disappearance of the prejudices of the past and those who base their usurped authority upon them, the Golden Age will be ushered in at last; everybody will be boundlessly self-assertive and at the same time tempering this self-assertion by an equally boundless sympathy for others."[2]

This mirage fascinated what was left of the minds of Rousseau's contemporaries. The nobility found a new toy which had many apparent advantages over the sharp-edged knife of Voltaire's satire; even the Court "cultivated" Rousseauism, as is visibly revealed to-day in the charming and pathetic little "country village" at Versailles where Marie-Antoinette and her ladies played at being dairymaids. But other people found a quite different stimulus. It suggested to them that they were the victims of gross injustice. Why should anyone be born or called king or noble, when everyone was as good as

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2 Irving Babbitt: *Rousseau and Romanticism*, p. 137.

everyone else? Voltaire, who had amused the nobility, never seems to have awakened the latent envy of the middle-classes to the same degree as Rousseau. And though it is fair to say that Rousseau, even more than Voltaire, would have been shocked and horrified by the excesses of the French Revolution, it is a fact that the most terrible protagonist of the Revolution, Maximilien Robespierre, was an avowed disciple of Rousseau, and he had many brethren. Moreover, the ideology of the *Rights of Man*, the liturgy of "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," was in particular Rousseau's handiwork.

Nevertheless, the Reign of Terror might never have come, in spite of the dalliance of the upper classes and the malice of others, if there had arisen one man in a responsible position who had possessed confidence in the traditional rights which pertained to his position. Madelin, in his great work on the Revolution, gives instances of officers so uncertain of their traditional right to punish disobedience, that they were unable to check any mutiny in their companies. But the supreme and symbolic example of his generation in its dread of executive responsibility, was the King Louis XVI.

The King was good and kind, believing like Rousseau that all human nature must be as good and kind as his. Napoleon, who knew better, must have had Louis XVI in mind, when he wrote: "If it be said of a King that he is a kind man, his reign is a failure." Of course, the trouble was not the King's kindness but the fact that this was practically the only virtue which he could bring to a conflict demanding the utmost resolution and intelligence. Louis XVI was neither resolute nor intelligent, and his lack of self-confidence was proverbial. When Malesherbes resigned from the ministry in 1776, the King is said to have cried out: "How fortunate you are ! If I could only resign also!"

The elements were all ready for the explosion. The student may recall some analogy to this negative state in his own experience when, fatigued in will and intellect, seeking comfort in dreams of a Golden Age, and in another part of his nature resenting what he deemed to be the undeserved contentment or elevation of others, he awaited the "accident" that precipitated a catastrophe.

"The ancients considered that when the directing active 'Intelligences' (the gods) retired from any portion of Ether *in our Space*—the four realms which they superintend—then that particular place was left in the possession of evil, so called by the absence of the Good from it" (*Secret Doctrine*, ed. 1888, I, 343). One may venture to interpret these words as suggesting that when the "lower quaternary," the personality of a man or of a nation, has been closed to divine influence, it automatically opens itself to another influence which is diabolical.

The immediate cause of the Revolution, the spark which set off the explosion, seems to have been in fact a power resembling the sinister agency of the secret Societies described by Mrs. Nesta Webster. There were individuals, inside and outside France, who were sufficiently identified with evil, in the undiluted sense of the word, to know what they wanted and to work for it

without deceiving themselves as to their real motives. It seems that the failure of the responsible classes of France to be faithful to the tradition of loyalty to an Adept-King, made it possible for his self-conscious enemies to prepare and to execute an attack against the very being of the nation which he loved. To that end, under the very eyes of the guardians of the law, they mobilized and concentrated under their direction the criminal class of France, the soulless sediment, the *Kama Rupa* of the nation.

The Revolution came, but a miracle followed. It passed, leaving France wounded, scarred, charged with a heavy Karma, but alive and—what is more important—still living with a life of aspiration.

The discursive mind is unable to explain a miracle, because it is the manifestation upon our plane of a power normally resident upon a higher plane, the laws of which are familiar to us only through a long study of the doctrine of "correspondences." But one may imagine that France was saved by a divine sacrifice, that the Adept-King of France and his Paladins gave of their essence to restore vitality to its stricken will. One may even fancy that, knowing the impending danger, they had prepared the altar for the sacrifice long before the actual crisis; and that there may be some connection between this sacrifice and the epic destiny of Napoleon Bonaparte.

Nevertheless, no degree of sacrifice could conceivably have been effective, unless there had been present on earth a spark that flamed in response to the divine appeal. There must have been individuals of all classes whose higher natures were stirred at last by the sheer intensity of a disaster which transcended mere personal bereavement and brought before them the vision of a national soul in agony.

Yet the most definite response came neither from the exiled Bourbons nor from the nobility nor from the middle classes, but rather from the simple people of town and country, from the artisans and peasants. Though often involved in the excesses of the Revolution, they had escaped by their very simplicity much, if not all, of the contagious decadence of the Eighteenth Century. They had been betrayed by the Monarchy which did not protect them, and the dark powers had tried to stampede them by riot and murder. But as a class they alone had not ceased to love the soil of France more than they loved themselves.

The importance of their steadfastness became apparent in 1793, at the darkest moment of the Terror, when France was assailed by a foreign host who came not to deliver her from misfortune but to take advantage of it. It was the peasantry, the "little people," who then formed the nucleus of the most glorious army of modern times. The prowess and the patriotism which were enkindled by their example, gave Napoleon his opportunity and saved the nation. A new cycle began.

Let the individual aspirant contemplate this mystery of the resurrections of France, for they may help him to realize some of the mysteries of his own soul.

Stanley V. La Dow.

VICARIOUS ATONEMENT AND KARMA

STUDENTS of Theosophy believe that all great religions were founded on the lives and teachings of Masters of Wisdom, men who, through union with the Oversoul, the Logos, had become one with the wisdom and power and love of the Logos, and were therefore able to speak with the wisdom of the Logos and, in their lives, to manifest the power and love of the Logos. The teachings of these Masters and the records of their acts have been transmitted to us through the minds and hearts of their followers, who have defined these teachings and acts in accordance with the limitations of their own minds. In this way dogmas have been developed.

If this be true, it should follow that, within or behind the received dogma, there is a core, a facet of eternal Truth; and it should be the duty of students of Theosophy to discover and point out the Truth of which these dogmas are an inadequate, incomplete or deflected statement.

Let us take, for example, the central dogma of the Christian Church, the doctrine of the Atonement. However much the Churches may differ in other matters, there is very little divergence among them regarding this cardinal tenet. The Greek and Latin Churches, and those springing from the Reformation, all hold and teach substantially the same view, as set forth in the Nicene Creed.

"I believe in one Lord Jesus Christ, who for us men and for our salvation came down from heaven, and was incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary, and was made man: and was crucified also for us under Pontius Pilate; he suffered and was buried: and the third day he rose again according to the Scriptures: and ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of the Father."

Or we may find a simpler and more universal expression in the words of the *Revelation:* "Jesus Christ, that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood."

The first expression of the thought on which the doctrine of the Atonement is founded, is the saying of Jesus, recorded in the Gospels according to Matthew and Mark:

"And Jesus going up to Jerusalem took the twelve disciples apart in the way, and said unto them, 'Behold, we go up to Jerusalem; and the Son of man shall be betrayed unto the chief priests and unto the scribes, and they shall condemn him to death, and shall deliver him to the Gentiles to mock, and to scourge, and to crucify him: and the third day he shall rise again . . . the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom

for many.'" This is in essence what the Nicene Creed repeated, three centuries later.

We may pause for a moment to ask what meaning a student of Theosophy would give to these words of Jesus; how could the Master Christ give his life a ransom for many?

If we recognize Jesus as a Master of Wisdom, one who had attained, who had become in essence one with the eternal Logos, we shall interpret his words in accordance with that view.

Two fundamental truths, at first sight contradictory, must be kept in mind: First, the individual existence of each human soul, which makes each one of us responsible for our own acts, as in civil and criminal law each is answerable for his own debts and misdemeanours. Then the second truth, apparently contradicting but really supplementing this: That all souls are bound together in spiritual unity; we are all rays of the same eternal Logos; we are all inlets into the same infinite Oversoul. Human beings are many; spiritual Humanity is one.

It should follow from this that a Master of Wisdom, who has become one with the eternal Logos, thereby possesses the wisdom and power and love of the Logos, and, as being one with the Logos, gains an inner relation with all human souls, in virtue of which he has the power to draw them toward the Logos by drawing them into his own spiritual life, which is one with the Logos. In this sense, he comes to minister. And if that ministry involves his bodily death, he gives his life a ransom for many. As a Master who has attained oneness with the eternal Logos, death has no hold on him; he must rise again, in the spiritual body. He thus retains and enlarges his power to work for human souls, drawing them toward him with cords of love. But the responsibility of these human souls is not thereby cancelled or lessened. While a Master has power to help us, he can do so only as we help ourselves. The decision and the effort must be ours. The Master's sacrifice is the door, but we must rise and enter.

The all-conquering love of the Master Christ, revealed in his life and death and resurrection, has been in very truth the door by which many have entered into immortal joy, sharing with him the eternal life, the transforming love, the spiritual light of the Logos. For those who have thus drawn near to him in love, because he drew near to them, the Master Christ has been the door of salvation; for them he is salvation.

To the fiery, passionate heart of Paul the Master thus drew near, on the Damascus road. Paul received from the Master transforming love and revealing light. Thereafter, through terrible toil and suffering, but also with immeasurable joy, Paul laboured with all the passion of his heart and will to make known to others that Master's transforming love and enkindling light, that they also with him might enter the life of the Master, with him share the eternal power and infinite wisdom and love of the Logos.

Writing toward the close of his life from Rome to his disciple Timothy, Paul thus sums up his message:

"I exhort, therefore, that, first of all, supplications, prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks, be made for all men . . . for this is good and acceptable in the sight of God our Saviour; who will have all men to be saved, and to come into the knowledge of the truth. For there is one God, and one mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus, who gave himself a ransom for all."

Four or five years earlier, when he was in Corinth, immediately before the journey to Jerusalem and the years of bondage, Paul had written on the same theme to the Jewish disciples of Christ at Rome. Here he had to meet the complex legal minds of the followers of Jewish Rabbis, and could not speak simply from his heart, as when he was writing to his own disciple, Timothy. Therefore, he called upon the resources of his powerful intellect to set forth the truth in terms that would meet their objections, and, as the centuries have passed, and his philosophical interpretations have been handed down through narrower and harder minds, the spirit of his imagery has been largely obscured and its form has crystallized into what we now know as the dogmas of the Latin Church. Paul wrote:

"Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. . . . For when we were yet without strength, Christ died for the ungodly. For scarcely for a righteous man will one die: yet peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die. But God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us. Much more then, being now justified by his blood, we shall be saved from wrath through him. For if, when we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of his Son, much more, being reconciled, we shall be saved by his life. And not only so, but we also joy in God, through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom we have now received the atonement. . . ."

This is the only occurrence of the word Atonement in the *New Testament.* And it would have been better to translate it "reconciliation," since it is a form of the same word that has just been translated "reconciled." The earlier meaning of "atonement" is, in fact, to make "at-one," to reconcile.

But if the word "atonement" in the legal sense is out of place in this passage, the thought of a legal atonement is present. Paul continues:

"Wherefore, as by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned: for until the law sin was in the world: but sin is not imputed when there is no law. Nevertheless death reigned from Adam to Moses, even over them that had not sinned after the similitude of Adam's transgression, who is the figure of him that was to come. . . . For if by one man's offence death reigned by one; much more they which receive abundance of grace and of the gift of righteousness shall reign in life by one, Jesus Christ."

Paul is here bearing grateful testimony to the abounding grace and power and love which had come through his transforming contact with the Master; but he is doing more. He is seeking to elaborate an argument that will convince the legalistic minds of Rabbinical Jews; he is expressing his spiritual

experience in the forms and images which had been stored in his mind when he studied the books of the *Old Testament* and the religious law of the Jews. He is recalling the story of Adam from the early chapters of Genesis, and at the same time holding in mind such a sentence as this:

"Aaron shall make an atonement upon the horns of the altar once in a year with the blood of the sin offering of atonements. . . ."

Paul has recognized his Master as divine, as the Son of God. His love for him whom he knows as a living Lord is boundless. But he also sees within the life and death and resurrection of his Lord, a universal significance. It is this which he labours to make clear through the symbolic story of Adam.

Once suggested, the connection between Adam's sin and Christ's death gained a hold on men's minds which it has maintained for almost two millenniums. In the literal view of this relation, there is a danger. Now that it is generally recognized that the story of Adam's fall, six thousand years ago, is not to be understood historically, insistence on a necessary connection between Adam's transgression and Christ's death tends to becloud the Master's sacrifice, to give it an air of unreality. It is, therefore, wise to remember that Jesus himself never suggested such a connection.

At this point, two notes may be added. Philo of Alexandria, a wise and reverent Jew, writing perhaps ten years before the opening of Christ's ministry, frankly treats the story of Adam not as history but as allegory. Adam is man's intellect, which is allured through the emotional nature, Eve. Thus came the descent of the soul into matter. So we see that the story of Adam was not taken literally by all religious Jews at the time when Paul was writing. There is, indeed, a suggestion of Philo's method, when Paul speaks of Adam as "the figure of him that was to come," and Paul, writing to the Galatians, treats the story of Agar as an allegory, as does Philo.

The second point is that, in connecting the fall of Adam with the death and resurrection of Christ, Paul must have in mind a meaning deeper than the literal story of Adam and its literal interpretation. For Paul, as for Philo, Adam's fall typified the primal fall of Spirit into matter, which is followed by the re-ascent of Spirit, through sacrifice. There is much evidence that, when citing the story of Genesis, Paul, like Philo, used a consistent symbolism throughout, Adam thus meaning the lower self in all men, the carnal man. This would seem to be the case where he writes to the disciples at Corinth: "As in the Adam all die, even so in the Christ shall all be made alive. . . . The first man Adam was made a living soul; the last Adam a quickening spirit."

Philo gained wide recognition and acceptance among the Jews, so that he was chosen to represent them as an ambassador to the Emperor; he went to Rome about twenty years before Paul wrote the epistle to the Romans. Philo blended the fundamental principles of Plato and Heraclitus, and used his philosophy to interpret the *Old Testament* in a spiritual and mystical sense. From Plato, he took the thought of a spiritual world, "a world perceptible only to the intellect, the archetypal model, the Idea of ideas, the Logos of God."

From Heraclitus, who first used the word, Logos, in this sense, Philo took the thought of the Logos as the spiritual fire, the universal principle which animates the world. He added ethical elements from Zeno and the Stoics. So we find Philo writing:

"And the Father who created the universe gave to his archangelic and most ancient Logos a pre-eminent gift, to stand on the confines of both, and separate that which had been created from the Creator. And this same Logos is continually a suppliant to the immortal God on behalf of the mortal race, which is exposed to affliction and misery; and is also the Ambassador, sent by the Ruler of all, to the subject race."

Paul, though not using the word Logos in this sense, in effect identified Jesus with the Logos as Mediator, and as the Ambassador sent by the Father to mankind. And this identification, with the word Logos added, is accepted in the opening of the Fourth Gospel. The recognition of Jesus as an incarnation of the Logos marks a great advance beyond the view of the earlier disciples. Andrew, speaking to Peter, had said: "We have found the Messiah," the Anointed; in Greek, the Christos. The word Messiah is used throughout the Hebrew books to describe an anointed priest or king; in the Greek translation of the *Old Testament*, this is translated by some form of the verb from which the word Christos is derived; for example, in Isaiah: "Thus saith the Lord to his anointed, to Cyrus," the Greek word is Christos.

Messiah came to mean the expected Deliverer of the Jews, and Andrew and the other disciples accepted Jesus as that Deliverer. But Paul recognized Jesus as the Mediator, the Ambassador, not to the Jews only, but to mankind, as the Logos of the Father. At the same time, in order to find a reason for the crucifixion which will satisfy minds trained in the Jewish law, Paul links the sacrifice of Christ with the sin of Adam.

Throughout the centuries which followed, the interpretation of the Atonement has moved between these two points. The Greek Fathers lay stress on the incarnation of the Logos as the means of salvation, while the Latin Fathers, with Augustine as the most eminent, lay the emphasis on Adam's fall. The tendency of the most enlightened thought in the Churches to-day is away from the literalism of the Latins, and toward the deeper, more mystical and more philosophical thought of the Greeks.

Of the Greek theologians, Clement of Alexandria is, perhaps, the greatest. Writing toward the close of the second century, he taught that the indwelling Divinity, the Logos, is organically related to the human soul. Man is the image of Deity; his destiny is, to realize that likeness to the full. Christ, the Logos made manifest in the Incarnation, is at once the head and the norm of humanity. The work of Christ was to manifest the divinity of man to man, that man might fulfil his divine destiny. And in his spiritual presence, Christ remains in the world as the teacher of humanity, as he has been, indeed, since the beginning of the world. Athanasius follows in the footsteps of Clement. Writing of the Incarnation of the Logos, he says: "He was made man that we might be made gods."

Augustine, who is recognized as the founder of Latin theology, writing two centuries after Clement, laid emphasis on three principles: original sin, inherited through the fall of Adam; predestination; and the Church, as the means of salvation.

This much more concrete view may be regarded as a narrowing of the wide and universal scope of the Greek Fathers. Perhaps it would be wiser to see in it a necessary conforming to the changed spirit and conditions of the times. Greek civilization had suffered eclipse. New nations, rude and undisciplined, were coming within the pale of the Church. For their spiritual well-being, for their salvation, it was essential that they should learn self-sacrifice and obedience. And, in order that they might learn obedience, a strongly organized Church, representing spiritual law in concrete forms, and imposing its authority, was indispensable.

There was the danger that the broad and universal teaching of Clement and Athanasius, just because it was universal, might pass over their heads, altogether failing to lay hold on their minds and wills, and that laxity and disintegration would result. So it would seem that the concrete organization of the Church came at the right time. The abuse of the principle sometimes acted tyrannously, yet on the whole the spiritual discipline of the Church brought forth good fruits. It did not prevent the emergence of such great spirits as Francis of Assisi, Dante, John of the Cross, Catherine of Siena, Teresa of Avila and Jeanne D'Arc.

The movement called the Reformation made no essential change in the understanding of the Atonement. Augustine's doctrines were accepted and transmitted by Calvin. Original sin and predestination hold their place among the Articles of Religion of the Church of England, essentially as the Latin theologians defined them.

The practical effect of the view of the Atonement based on these two dogmas may be described as follows. Briefly, the doctrine is that, because of Adam's fall, all mankind was eternally lost. The debt incurred by Adam's sin was paid by Christ's death; mankind was washed in the blood of Christ and freed from sin. God, in His inscrutable wisdom, decreed that not all mankind, but only the elect, those predestined by His decree, should profit by Christ's sacrifice and redemption. On the remainder of mankind the doom of Adam's sin rested unaltered and unalterable.

Let us consider the effect of this doctrine on different types of character. There were some who flatly refused to accept this view because of the immense cruelty and injustice it seemed to involve. This was the genesis of many who were condemned as infidels. There were many, and some of the finest and most sensitive spiritual natures were among them, whose lives were tortured by dark doubts of their election. To this cause a great sum of human misery must be laid. There were noble spirits, like those who have been named, who, believing in their redemption through Divine mercy, made of their faith an incentive to splendid spiritual attainment. And there have been multitudes who, believing, or at least hoping, that Christ's death had indeed washed away

their sins, and assured their eternal happiness in heaven, concluded that any further effort on their part would be superfluous, and sank into a happy dream which came close to paralysis of the spiritual will. Their too easy belief sapped their spiritual vitality and pauperized their interior life; for ceaselessly active aspiration and spiritual will are essential to spiritual health and strength.

Of recent years, there has been a turn of the tide, a drift from the Latin theologians toward the great philosophical principles of the Greek Fathers. Thus we find such a theologian as Dr. Hans Lassen Martensen, Bishop of Seeland in Denmark, writing paragraphs that take us back to the great Alexandrians, Clement and Philo:

"The entire diversity of individuals, of nations, of tongues, and of races, finds its unity in the divine Logos, the uncreated image of God, who in the fulness of time himself becomes man. . . . The Logos, having become man, reveals the whole fulness of the ideal according to which human nature was originally planned, but which can be realized only imperfectly in each finite individual. If the divine Logos had not become man, humanity would want the actual Mediator, who can lead the species out of the created relations of dependence into the spiritual relations of freedom, who can raise it from the level of the natural life to the level of perfection and true being."

If Dr. Martensen be taken to represent the Protestantism of the Continent, we may cite Mr. John Kenneth Mozley, Dean of Pembroke College, Cambridge, as a type of advanced thinking in the Anglican Church. Speaking of "that final reality which we call God," he says that "Christ is a third to God and man, though He be both God and man, for He is neither simply God nor simply man. . . . The intervention of Christ is His mediation between God and man."

This is almost exactly the thought of Philo: "The Father who engendered all has given to the Logos the signal privilege of being an intermediary between the creature and the Creator."

In exactly the same philosophical and broad-minded spirit, we find in the Catholic Encyclopedia, under the word Atonement: "The Atonement is founded on the Divine Incarnation. By this great mystery, the Eternal Word took to Himself the nature of man, and, being both God and man, became the Mediator between God and men. . . . By the union of the Eternal Word with the nature of man all mankind was lifted up and, so to say, deified."

As has already been suggested, students of Theosophy would, perhaps, hold that the Master had attained to oneness with the Logos; that, being one with the Logos, he was born as Jesus; that his life and teaching set forth eternal spiritual law, the essential being of the Logos; that through his sacrificial death he gained the power to remain among men in the body of the resurrection; able, as essentially one with the Logos, to enter as the Logos into the inmost hearts of men, enkindling them and drawing them into his own life, and therefore into the Logos, whereby they gain immortality.

How is this view of the Atonement to be reconciled with the law of Karma? Is there an essential opposition between the two ideas, or should we seek a deeper truth underlying and reconciling them?

We may take as an expression of the law of Karma the following passage from Professor Franklin Edgerton's recently published and admirable book, *The Bhagavad Gita:*

"The Upanishads also begin to combine with this doctrine of an indefinite series of reincarnations the old belief in retribution for good and evil deeds in a life after death; a belief which prevailed among the people of Vedic India, as all over the world. With the transference of the future life from a mythical other world to this earth, and with the extension or multiplication of it to an indefinite series of future lives more or less like the present life, the way was prepared for the characteristically Hindu doctrine of 'karma' or deed. This doctrine, which is also axiomatic with the Hindus, teaches that the state of each existence of each individual is absolutely conditioned and determined by that individual's morality in previous existences. A man is exactly what he has made himself and what he therefore deserves to be. An early Upanishad says: 'Just as (the Soul) is (in this life) of this or that sort; just as it acts, just as it operates, even so precisely it becomes (in the next life). If it acts well it becomes good; if it acts ill it becomes evil. As a result of right action it becomes what is good; as a result of evil action it becomes what is evil.' In short, the law of the conservation of energy is rigidly applied to the moral world. Every action, whether good or bad, must have its results for the doer. If in the present life a man is on the whole good, his next existence is better by just so much as his good deeds have outweighed his evil deeds. He becomes a great and noble man, or a king, or perhaps a god (the gods, like men, are subject to the law of transmigration). Conversely, a wicked man is reborn as a person of low position, or as an animal, or, in cases of exceptional depravity, he may fall to existence in hell. And all this is not carried out by decree of some omnipotent and sternly just Power. It is a natural law. It operates of itself just as much as the law of gravitation. It is therefore wholly dispassionate, neither merciful nor vindictive. It is absolutely inescapable; but at the same time it never cuts off hope. A man is what he has made himself; but by that same token he may make himself what he will. The soul tormented in the lowest hell may raise himself in time to the highest heaven, simply by doing right. Perfect justice is made the basic law of the universe. It seems hardly possible to conceive a principle of greater moral grandeur and perfection."

The Buddhist view of Karma is exactly the same. In *Buddhism in Translations*, Mr. Henry Clarke Warren says: "'Karma' expresses, not that which a man inherits from his ancestors, but that which he inherits from himself in some previous state of existence." And, speaking of the stories in his *Buddhist Legends*, Mr. Eugene Watson Burlingame says: "In each and every story it is at least the ostensible purpose of the writer to illustrate the truth of the maxim, 'whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.'"

So the *Upanishads*, the *Bhagavad Gita*, the Buddhist books and the later Vedanta all teach the law of Karma, the law of the conservation of energy in the moral world. As individuals, we inherit from ourselves in some previous

state of existence; we are even now creating our future states of existence. How can there be any room for Atonement, or even for a Mediator?

The answer has already been suggested. As individuals, we are responsible under the law of Karma for all our thoughts, words and deeds, good or evil; just as under civil and criminal law we answer for our own debts and crimes. But we are also something else, more and greater than separate persons; we are all potentially one with the Logos, with which those whom we call Masters are already one, in essence and in realization. That part of the Logos which has already realized itself can illumine and aid that part of the Logos which still feels itself to be isolated, orphaned, miserable. Or, to put the same truth in simpler words, the Master can help the disciple who appeals to him for help, can impart to the disciple his own divine life. The law of Karma is not thereby violated. The law of Karma, the conservation of energy applied to the moral world, is an expression of the essential nature of the Logos. The wisdom and power and love of Masters, and their ability to help, are likewise an expression of the essential nature of the Logos. There is no disharmony or contradiction.

Therefore we find in the *Katha Upanishad*, side by side with the law of Karma, such a sentence as this: "Smaller than small, mightier than mighty, this Oversoul is hidden in the heart of man. He who has ceased from desire, and passed sorrow by, through the grace of the Ordainer beholds the greatness of the Oversoul."

The *Bhagavad Gita* likewise teaches the law of Karma. But we also find there such a verse as this: "Ever continuing to perform all works, taking refuge in Me, through My grace he gains that everlasting home."

Gautama Buddha taught the law of Karma, perhaps more rigidly and inclusively than it had ever been taught before. Yet it is recorded that Buddha said: "May the sins of this age of evil rest on me, but let mankind be saved." And every disciple of the Buddha must repeat the sacramental formula: "I take my refuge in the Buddha."

Finally, in the later Vedanta, which equally teaches the law of Karma, we have, in the *Crest Jewel of Wisdom*, such a sentence as this:

"It is the essence of the very being of those of mighty soul to seek to heal the sorrows of others. . . ." Or again, the disciple says: "Through infinite compassion, thou, Master, hast become my saviour."

In these Oriental scriptures, there is, therefore, a perfect reconciliation between the law of Karma and the power of the Logos, or of the Master who has become one with the Logos, to heal and to save.

In the same way, there is, in the *New Testament*, an entire harmony between the two doctrines. Paul, as we saw, first developed the doctrine of the Atonement. Yet it was Paul who wrote the words quoted to illustrate the inexorable working of the law of Karma: "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

Jesus said that the Son of man had come to give his life a ransom for many. A few days later, in the parable of the sheep and the goats, he expressed the spiritual essence of the law of Karma.

There is, therefore, this overwhelming testimony in favour of the truth of both doctrines: the law of Karma, and the power of Masters to save, because they have become one with the Logos. In everyday life, we can find exactly the same reconciliation of the two apparently opposite principles. It is true, on the one hand, that a child's growth depends almost wholly on its own efforts; it must eat, it must learn to use its eyes, it must learn to walk and talk, wholly through efforts of its own. But it is also true that the child's mother suffers for it even before the child's birth, in its birth, after its birth, ceaselessly; and that, without the mother's continuing self-sacrifice, the child could not live. In the same way, it is true that a student must advance by his own efforts, learning to read, to write, learning arts and sciences, and that his advance depends absolutely on his own exertions. It is also true that at each moment he is profiting by the work of others, those who have stored up the wisdom he is mastering, who have practised the arts and developed the sciences which he sets himself to learn. And he is helped, or should be, by his instructors, day by day as long as his studies continue. This really illustrates the twofold principle. He is an individual student; he is also an integral part of studious humanity, through whose veins a single life of erudition flows.

Or take a simple illustration from commerce. It is broadly true that every merchant succeeds in direct proportion to his own insight and energy; he makes his own Karma. But it is also true that he is completely dependent on the rest of mankind; on the producer and manufacturer on the one hand, and on the purchaser on the other.

In like manner, in the spiritual world, for which all these phases of human life are the preparatory classes, it is true that the disciple's progress is absolutely dependent on his own efforts; he who sows little shall reap little, he who sows much shall reap much. But it is also true that the Master aids the disciple at every step, giving of the substance of his own life to aid him; the Master guides the footsteps of the disciple in the spiritual world to which he has introduced him, and in fact holds back the disciple's adverse Karma, in order that the disciple may enter the Path. The Master advances spiritual capital to the disciple, to enable him to begin to earn.

The metaphor suggests its moral: Just as he who has borrowed capital and has earned money by using it, will repay in full and with interest all that he has borrowed, so the disciple, who has received of the Master's life and force, will be passionately eager to make a return at the first possible moment; his adoring love and his sense of justice will equally compel him. So will the account be squared, and the law of Karma satisfied, when, through the Master's help, the disciple has attained salvation.

It is possible that some who have built up mental images of the mystery of the Redemption, may think that the Master's greatness is diminished by this view. But this is an objection of the surface of the mind. The cure is deeper and more immediate knowledge. Even a little experience of the Master's transforming power and love and wisdom will fill the heart of the disciple with a splendour of adoring gratitude, a living realization of Divinity,

in comparison with which the speculations of theology are but shadows. And at the same time the disciple will realize in deep humility the vital importance of his own acts and efforts; the Master who helps him has thereby put himself at the disciple's mercy. It is a most sacred trust, for this relation is the holiest in human life, making that life divine, immortal.

C. J.

Ye call Me Master, and obey Me not:
Ye call Me Light, and see Me not:
Ye call Me Way, and walk Me not:
Ye call Me Life, and desire Me not:
Ye call Me Wise, and follow Me not:
Ye call Me Fair, and love Me not:
Ye call Me Rich, and ask Me not:
Ye call Me Eternal, and seek Me not:
Ye call Me Gracious, and trust Me not:
Ye call Me Noble, and serve Me not:
Ye call Me Mighty, and honour Me not:
Ye call Me Just, and fear Me not:
If I condemn you, blame Me not.

UNKNOWN.

FOR INQUIRERS

FIFTY years having passed since the Theosophical Society was founded (Nov. 17th, 1875), it seems well again to put forth in simple words some statement that may aid in removing inevitable and persistent misconception, as well as in giving an indication of the meaning of certain terms often used in theosophical literature, or by speakers at our meetings.

The Theosophical Society has no dogmas and no creeds. Because it seeks to help each man to find the truth of his own heart, it has been called a missionary society for the conversion of people to their own ideals. It does not wish to make all men in one mould, but desires that each man should be true to the light within him, the highest light he can see. It welcomes to membership men of all sects and creeds and races. It does not seek to convert the Buddhist to Christianity nor the Christian to Buddhism, but it aims to make the Christian a better Christian and the Buddhist a better Buddhist, to help each to see more deeply into the truth of his own ideal, that he may love and follow it.

The distinction between the Society as such, and the views of individual members, cannot be too strongly emphasized. The Theosophical Society itself has and can have no creed nor philosophy, but the writer knows no place where surer faith or deeper conviction is to be found than among its individual members, who are free to agree or disagree as they will, their standing as members being in no way affected thereby.

Expressions of the views of visitors to its meetings, whether in the form of questions, written or oral, or of agreement or disagreement, are most welcome. An intelligent question, or the frank statement of a different point of view, or the indication of an apparent contradiction, may be a very real contribution. There are many types of meetings, political, church services, etc., at which the expression of a divergent opinion would be a discourtesy. That is not true of The Theosophical Society. Every sincere belief, courteously expressed, is welcome. You will not hurt our feelings nor shake our faith, no matter how opposed to ours the ideas which you express may appear to be. Those present will be genuinely grateful for any sincere statement of belief,—one might almost add, the more divergent from their own the better. The members of the Society are not engaged in defending a thesis. They are seeking for the truth and to broaden and deepen their conception of it. The presentation of a new point of view may be a real service.

On the other hand, pleasure and profit will be derived from the Society only to the extent to which one's attention is given to seeking for the truth that may be expressed there, rather than for the error. One of the great services rendered by the Society to its members is the training it gives them in finding the

underlying truth in a statement or a belief which superficially may seem to be the opposite of their own. It is also well to bear in mind that the only way to understand a truth is to live it. The Theosophical Society is not a debating club. It is a place where those wishing it may gain practical knowledge of the laws of life, the laws governing individual happiness and the growth of the soul—knowledge which has been tested and proved true by others, and which they, in turn, may prove for themselves. If, for instance, a statement is made that when such and such things are done, certain results will follow, the way to determine the truth or falsity of the statement is to try it for one's self. Experience is the ultimate authority, the only authority that many members of the Society recognize.

As in the discussions at meetings, or in our literature, certain terms are sometimes used which, without explanation, may not be understood, it would seem desirable to give a sufficient outline of their meaning to enable beginners to follow the thought of the speakers or writers. It is obvious from what has been said that no authoritative definitions are possible. Members of The Theosophical Society have been studying for years the ideas which we are attempting to describe in a sentence or two. So brief an explanation must necessarily be inadequate, and can only avoid being misleading if this inadequacy be kept constantly in mind. It is possible to give here only a few of the terms most often used. A fairly complete *Glossary*, a book of 360 pages, is available for those sufficiently interested to pursue the matter further.

Spiritual Hierarchy.—As there are no gaps in nature so, many believe, there are none in super-nature. Just as there is an ascending scale from the lowest forms of life to primitive man, thence through all grades of character and intelligence to the highest human types we know, so there is beyond man a similar scale, ascending step by step, from man as we know him, to the highest types we can imagine, and beyond without limit. There is no limit to the growth and splendour of the soul.

Masters.—"The Elder Brothers of mankind"; "Just men made perfect"; those who have developed the powers latent in all men to such a point that to us they seem perfect in character, in compassion, in wisdom and in power; "As far in advance of us as man is in advance of the black beetle" (Huxley). Many believe that Masters of a certain degree, having attained the threshold of infinite bliss, have turned back, sacrificing this personal reward, in order to help mankind. Christ, Buddha, Krishna, are often spoken of as Masters. The Masters themselves are said to think of themselves as pupils of Masters still higher, for no one has ever attained the ultimate goal of evolution.

Chêla, Chêlaship.—A special relationship with one higher in the spiritual hierarchy. Chêla (literally "child") is usually translated "disciple," but the word means much more than this. The steps of the evolutionary scale between man as we know him, and Masters, are filled by chêlas of various grades, lay-chêlas,

probationary chêlas, accepted chêlas, etc. Its higher grades are said to involve a closeness, a degree of union with the chêla's Master beyond anything in our experience. Such chêlaship, in addition to the attainment of first-hand knowledge of the Divine, implies a higher, richer and more selfless state of conciousness, a "change of polarity" in which the centre of the chêla's interest is transferred from himself, to his Master and his Master's work. It is not an outer condition and cannot be conferred, but must be attained by the man himself as the result of his own inner development. The rules governing this development constitute the scientific basis for ethics. Its attainment is possible in any outer circumstances. The possibility and existence of chêlaship is one of the most vitally important facts in the world to-day. *It is the next step in human evolution.*

Lodge.—The assemblage of Masters, of great spiritual beings; those who have attained to a certain high degree of development.

White Lodge.—The Lodge that is working for righteousness and the fulfilment of the Law.

Black Lodge.—The assemblage of the powers of evil and selfishness.

Karma.—"Physically, 'action.' Metaphysically the Law of Retribution, the law of cause and effect or Ethical Causation. . . . There is the Karma of merit and the Karma of demerit." According to this doctrine, each motive, thought, and feeling, as well as each outer act, is a cause that has its inescapable effect upon the thinker, which he must experience in that or a future life. A man's Karma is the sum of the causes set in motion by him on all planes, spiritual, mental, emotional, and physical, whose effects he has not yet exhausted. Under this law, each man determines his own future, just as he has by past choices made himself and his circumstances what they are.

In addition to personal Karma, there is also family, national and world Karma.

Psychic.—The plane of reflection above the physical and below the spiritual. Most emotions, thoughts, passions, etc., belong to this plane. It is often used in contrast to the spiritual plane, to describe counterfeits of the spiritual. Both the material and spiritual are planes of law and order. The lower psychic is a plane of unbalanced forces, illusions, mirage and glamour.

Devachan.—A state between lives, after death and before reincarnation. A state of bliss and reward experienced by the higher part of man.

Kama-Loka.—An after-death state of the lower principles of man. Its nearest correspondence would perhaps be purgatory.

Seven Principles.—A classification of the various aspects, or divisions of man's consciousness, for the purpose of clearer understanding and sharper definition of his nature and possibilities of development. One such is as follows:

Atma: The Universal Spirit that pervades all things. The Supreme Soul.

Buddhi: The vehicle of Atma. The spiritual soul or spiritual will in man.

Manas: Higher. The faculty for the highest forms of intellection. Also called Buddhi-Manas.

Manas: Lower, also called Kama-Manas. Literally the "mind of desire." It is here that the consciousness of the ordinary man is centred.

Kama: Personal, lower desire. The inversion of Buddhi.

Linga Sharira: The astral body, the double or mould on which the physical body is formed.

Sthula Sharira: The physical body.

Individuality } There are two natures in man, a higher and a lower, usually
Personality }

at war, one with the other. The higher, the spark of the Divine, is variously described as the real self, the soul, the higher nature, the individuality, etc. This real self or individuality reincarnates, life after life. For its use during earth life, from the residue from previous lives, is built a vehicle or instrument called the personality, from the Latin word meaning "mask," the mask through which the actor spoke. The personality includes the physical body, the personal emotions, feelings, etc., and the lower mind, in which the consciousness of the average man is centred. It has its own powers, desires and consciousness, and includes much that modern psychology is beginning to discover under the name of the subconscious,—though in this term, subconscious, psychology also includes much that belongs to the superconscious.

To what extent the "personality" changes with each new incarnation of the individuality, what its powers are and how they may be brought under the control of the real self, and how the consciousness of this real self may be aroused, are among the vital matters on which much light is thrown by the study of Theosophy.

X. Y. Z.

A DAY IN THE EUGANEAN HILLS

OF course we read our Shelley before we started, in fact it was because of reading Shelley that we finally made up our minds to start at all. Being all three of us still in our 'teens or early twenties, we had no illusions whatever as to our innate cleverness, literary or otherwise; so we read Shelley and planned our excursion. There were Cicely and Diana and myself, just three "trippers," school friends off on a holiday, who had chanced to meet at Padua, our sundry paths converging at this point. Now, having saturated ourselves with Giotto, Mantegna and Pisanello, by common consent we voted a dash into the country, and a regenerating touch of nature.

"If I am ever going to recover from the positively overwhelming effect of those magnificent Giottos," sighed Diana, "I must get some good fresh air into my lungs, for the little Church of the Arena is all very well, but it's hot if not actually stuffy when it comes to breathing,—except that one forgets to breathe with priceless square yards of Giotto to contemplate. I don't wonder that he and Dante were friends, but I sometimes do wonder which inspired the other. Perhaps it was mutual,—what do you think ?"

"Yes, let's take to the hills," agreed Cicely, with a touch of slang, and pointedly ignoring the latter part of Diana's outburst.

"That sounds attractive enough, but what hills ?" I asked, stupidly off my guard.

"*What* hills ?" chimed the other two, in shocked, "high-brow" voices. "Do you mean to say that you don't know your Shelley better than that ? Really !"

"Oh, well, geography is always my weak point, and I forgot for the moment where I was." This was my lame apology, but I could see by the expression on the other faces that I had lost caste.

"Let me begin your education at once," said Diana, loftily diving into her hand-bag, and taking out a small blue volume.

"Palgrave !" I snapped. "You don't fancy that you are the only one who carries him about, do you ? Why, I never so much as stir an inch from home without him. And anyway, it's only an abridged version of the poem." I added this, wishing, in my turn, to appear "high brow,"—but Diana had begun to read:

"Many a green isle needs must be
In the deep wide sea of Misery,
Or the mariner worn and wan,
Never thus could voyage on
Day and night, and night and day,
Drifting on his dreary way,
With the solid darkness black
Closing round his vessel's track;"

. . . . . .

"How terrible to feel like that, interrupted eighteen-year-old Cicely, her eyes big and round with sympathy. "I have never felt miserable in my life, what is it like ? And what had happened to poor Shelley ? I've forgotten."

As a matter of fact we had all forgotten. Youth has a way of forgetting,—comfortably; but I, being the eldest (I was just past twenty) felt it my duty to remember at least something, and thus to retrieve my unfortunate literary lapse of a few minutes before.

"Oh, all poets are supposed to feel like that at times,' I ventured heartlessly, endeavouring to assume a grown up air, "but I think in this case it was,—I'm not sure though. We can look it up when we get back to libraries and civilization, meaning London, of course."

We finished our reading, and then began planning our trip, consulting maps, measuring distances, speculating as to prices; all three talking at once, no one listening to anyone else, until suddenly we realized that it was nearly midnight, and that we were very sleepy and tired.

The next morning we were up before the sun, and as soon as we had bribed a sulky waiter to bring us our coffee, we started out in search of a driver who would be willing to take us as far afield as our youthful eagerness demanded. Automobiles were not even thought of in those far-off days, not by the travelling public at least, and you know what poor spavined creatures the Italian horses of the early nineties were. This day was no exception, and there seemed to be little choice offered to us, even in the matter of spavins, look as hard as we could. At last, however, in the Piazza Garibaldi, we came upon an elderly, good natured looking man, with a relatively energetic looking horse, and after manœuvring and bargaining in the most approved Italian fashion, we decided to engage him and to start without further delay. Such a tumble-down old vehicle as we climbed into ! A derelict "victoria" it might have been called derisively, had we been in England; being in Northern Italy it was just a nameless wreck, among countless other wrecks, which an easy-going people accepted as they did their crumpled paper money and their incredibly dirty hotels. But we were in Italy; that was all we cared about on that soft, clear morning of early summer.

It did not take us long to rattle a noisy way through the tortuous, narrow, roughly paved little streets of the old town, out through the Porta Euganea, out into the quiet of the open country, and the first part of the drive was spent chiefly in drinking in the fresh, pure air of the early hours, before the sun had become too hot, and while some of the mystery of the Italian night seemed still to linger, like a fading memory. Anyone who knows and loves Italy, will recall this subtile blending of night with day; will remember how the perfumes of night weave themselves like gossamer threads into the golden texture of the earliest morning hours,—it is one of Italy's many enchantments.

To the south-west lay the Euganean Hills, the object of our excursion, and though they could not immediately be seen, we kept looking eagerly forward to catch the first glimpse. A rich and fertile plain stretches from the very walls of Padua out to, and around, the base of these hills; such a lovely,

free-ranging, open country-side as may well have given that touch of nobility to Livy's pen, intensifying his naturally quick sympathy for all great and generous human qualities; and in later times it must surely have made it easier even for Petrarch to sing. This broad, luxuriant land is also steeped in dreamy legend, for long before Italian poets and historians made it famous, Trojan Antenor, casting, no doubt, a last backward look toward "the topless towers of Ilium," is said to have fled westward, and, coming at last to the breezy shores of the Adriatic, to have landed at a spot not far from where the Brenta gives itself lazily to the sea. Finding lush and welcoming pasture, we are told that he settled here, tilling the land which surpassed in richness even his first hopes, and raising sheep and horses,—horses which, maybe, he had come to love and understand because of his close association, in the old home days, with the mighty, "horse-taming Hector." It is Antenor who is said to have founded ancient "Patavium" (Padua) and this, well in advance of "Pius Aeneas," that other famous fugitive, who, wearied out with his eventful wanderings, found rest at last in Latium, beyond the "wind-grieved Apennines." Coming down through early historical times, this spreading, sun-lit plain still yielded vast crops of wheat and was still famous for its breed of swift horses, while from the hills came the far-famed wines of antiquity. Naturally all this bounty attracted barbaric hordes from the North, and there were long periods when war raged and when desolation followed; when sickness and death made life there hideous; when the ravaged fields, no longer cultivated, gave place to marsh-lands and thick jungle growths; but, with the cyclic turning of time, these things passed, and the rich, productive land came into its own again. Notably in the tenth and eleventh centuries, thanks to the industry of the monks, the dismal swamps and marsh-lands were drained, tangled forests were hewn down, corn and fruit grew again in plenty, and life here was happy and full and teeming with rural activities.

Out into this lovely, smiling country, still cool with morning freshness, we drove; no little dew-damp leaf escaped us, no call of rook, no gentle tree-top rustle. We had instructed our driver, Cesare by name, as to the general direction we wanted to take, but we had also warned him that, as far as possible, he was to keep to the lanes and avoid the main thoroughfare. Thus we had many delightful and intimate glimpses into little wayside farms, and into some of those farming occupations which never seem to have an end; we saw agriculture at its best, not merely as a scientific experiment, but followed because of a passionate love of the soil for its own sake. I well remember being struck by a kind of haughty dignity in the farmers of this region. Whether or not it is an instinct inherited unconsciously from a classic past, I do not know, but the bearing of many of these men seems to hark back to the time when a pastoral people took a natural pride in personal cultivation of the land; when those of noble birth were not ashamed of rural, painstaking diligence.

It was a perfect day; a day of swift changing lights, of golden sunshine

and creeping, violet-tinted shade, as great, billowing clouds sailed slowly and serenely across the blue of heaven, trailing their vast shadows down the green slopes of the Euganean Hills, which were now shimmering ahead of us, indistinctly beautiful; sweeping silently over the miles on miles of level plain, of meadow and pasture land and vineyard; passing at last out over the wide gleaming expanse of the distant Adriatic. It was a day of brooding stillness, of unfathomable peace. Everywhere we saw the great white oxen, with their long, nobly spreading horns, and their majestic tread; bearing their generous part in the field work; drawing with that patient, splendid ease, so peculiar to them, their ploughs or carts,—these unchanged, it would seem, since Virgil first made Lombard farming famous; and from time to time, across the humming fields, floated the musical call of the driver, calling as one comrade will call to another. Have you ever stood long and looked deeply into the eyes of these Lombard oxen ? You may do so, if you will, an hour at a time; they will hardly move, nor have you the power to interrupt their quiet meditation, for to them you are only a chance part of the landscape, a mere occurrence in nature; you are too small, too insignificant to disturb their peace; they do not appear even to notice you. The wonderful eyes of these great beasts are, I believe, deeper, more unsearchable than those of any other breed of oxen in any land. The whole visible, tangible world lies in their depths,—lies mirrored, yet withal, strangely buried, almost out of sight, and you have to penetrate far to find it. It is as though generations of serene outlook, of quiet, meditative gazing on the vast sweep of sea and sky, on the far green distances of hill and plain, had left a kind of accumulated beauty, a strange, sure memory imprinted there, fathomless, unnameable. If you have ever stood, as I did for the first time, on this long ago summer day, intently searching, not the world of Nature in which you knew at that very moment you were standing, but its reflection in the great, soft eyes of one of these Lombard oxen—a reflection, but with what worlds of untold mystery added—well, you never forget what you have seen and learned.

"Da la larga narice umida e nera
Fuma il tuo spirto, e come un inno lieto
Il mugghio nel sereno aer si perde;

E del grave occhio glauco entro l'austera
Dolcezza si rispecchia ampio e quïeto
Il divino del pian silenzio verde."

About six miles from Padua we passed through the little town of Abano, which claims to be Livy's birthplace, but we did not stop, contenting ourselves with a silent tribute to the great historian, who was, I am afraid, at that time, chiefly if not solely associated in our young minds with certain schoolroom difficulties. Our hopes lay in the Euganean Hills themselves, so we pressed on, climbing little by little the winding lanes, sometimes getting out to take "short cuts" up a steep ascent, then waiting for Cesare and the carriage to overtake us. As we mounted, increasingly glorious views greeted

us, views which would have held us spell-bound, save that we knew there would be still lovelier ones higher up. At last toward mid-day, we decided to halt, giving Cesare an opportunity to change his horse, who had done well and who needed a rest, and ourselves intending to eat a pastoral lunch in the silvery shade of a thick olive orchard, which stretched invitingly along the roadside. Little lunch did any of us want that day, however, for the view was beyond even our most eager anticipations. It seemed to us that we were looking over the half of Italy. Toward the far south were the crested peaks of the Apennines, like a vast, impassable, protecting line of primeval deities. To the east and west, great reaches of pasture land, of wheat fields and fruit orchards—such delicious varieties of green they made;—here and there dark forests stretched, here and there too, little white-walled towns nestled among their trees. Off in the east the glistening towers of the "sun-girt city" were plainly visible, and beyond all, the blue line of the Adriatic, softly clear in the warm summer light.

We sat down on the grass, our backs against the gnarled and twisted trunk of an old olive tree, drinking in the beauty, which seemed to draw the very hearts out of us. Then Diana began to speak, almost in a whisper, quoting some of the lines which we had read together the night before:

"Beneath is spread like a green sea
The waveless plain of Lombardy
Bounded by the vaporous air,
Islanded by cities fair;
Underneath Day's azure eyes,
Ocean's nursling, Venice lies,—"

"Go on," I entreated "don't you remember some more ?"

"No," she answered, "except just a few lines here and there,—the ones I love the best."

"Tell us what they are," broke in Cicely, eagerly bending forward.

"Noon descends around me now:
'Tis the noon of autumn's glow,
When a soft and purple mist
Like a vaporous amethyst,
Or an air-dissolvéd star
Mingling light and fragrance, far
From the curved horizon's bound
To the point of heaven's profound,
Fills the overflowing sky;
And the plains that silent lie
Underneath,———"

"I'm sorry," sighed Diana, "I can't go on, I've forgotten."

"Oh, but don't you remember those later lines ?" again broke in Cicely. "They are almost the loveliest of all,—the lines which describe a spot where Shelley dreamed he might end his days with all those whom he loved best on earth,—one of his dreams of Paradise I suppose:—"

"In a dell 'mid lawny hills
Which the wild sea-murmur fills,
And soft sunshine, and the sound
Of old forests echoing round,
And the light and smell divine
Of all flowers that breathe and shine."

Of course no one wanted to talk after that, so we sat quietly, and looked and looked, feasting our eyes.

In an hour or so Cesare returned with a fresh case of spavins (I do not mean Cesare, but his new horse), and on we went, winding, turning, between dark wooded hills, through little valleys and ravines full of cool shade, out through blinding, hot, open spaces, then losing ourselves in grateful shadow once more. About three miles farther on we reached our next halting place, Arquà del Monte. We wanted to see it, for it was here that Petrarch had spent the last years of his life, and it was here that he had died. Arquà, as it is known familiarly, like many other mountain villages which one finds in Italy, seems to have a precarious existence, so lightly does it appear to hang on its hillside, clambering up the slope without arrangement, yet, because so utterly unpremeditated, with an irresistible charm. Petrarch, that inveterate traveller, despite his restless wanderings, and his life of constant change, must really have loved quiet, and a certain amount of seclusion, or he would never have left Padua to retire to this vine-covered hill, "to pass in peace the little that remains of life." "I shun cities as I would prisons," he said, "and I would rather suffer hunger in the solitude of the fields, than live in abundance and luxury in the city." He certainly loved natural scenery with a kind of hungry passion; it soothed the impetuous and perverse intensity of his nature, and the spot he chose for his tiny villa commands a most enchanting view beyond the hills to the lowlands, and out on to the wide, shining plain. High peaks to the north-east, shutting out the cold winter winds, are beautiful in spring and summer, while on a neighbouring lonely crag, the castle of Monselice catches the last rays of the setting sun. Here, in his little, white-walled house, with its steep steps leading to the shady loggia above, he, so accustomed to the favours of Princes and to a life at court, lived in utmost simplicity, cared for by a few servants only (he disliked servants:—"would to God I could live without any," he complained), tending his grapes, his olives and his fruit trees, writing endless letters to his friends, but chiefly to be found deep in his books. "I am astonished that having studied so constantly for so many years, I have learned so little," he grieves. He saw such people as sought him out—these were far too many for his waning strength,—and he awaited death with a calm hope. Though he had expressed a deep desire that the end of his life should be peaceful, this peace, to him, did not mean inactivity; on the contrary, writing to Boccaccio not long before the end, he gently reproves his friend for begging him to moderate his efforts: "Constant toil and strain are food to my spirit;" he said, "when once I begin to rest and slacken, I shall soon cease to live. . . . This do I desire

for myself, that when death overtakes me, he may find me either reading or writing or, if Christ so will it, praying and in tears." His desire was fulfilled, for one early July morning, his servants coming into his small study, found him with his aged head bowed low over a book, as though deep in thought, in an attitude so wholly natural to him that they could not at first realize that he was dead. He was buried in the little church of his village—let us hope that his "faithful companion, the old priest," of whom he spoke so affectionately, was permitted to assist at the final rites—and his tomb now stands in front of the church, a monument to his greatness. We were all three genuinely moved as we gathered there, around that rather ponderous, red marble erection, there where so many travellers through the long centuries had stood; for Petrarch's life meant something special to us,—we had drunk it in, in the schoolroom. It was not of Madonna Laura that we thought that day, but of Petrarch's peculiar genius in friendship. What countless friends he had, how generous a giver he was to friendship, and what power he possessed to draw from those he knew well, the best that lay buried within them ! That is what had brought us to Arquà,—to thank him for that.

On we went again. We intended to reach Este, which was to be the end of our drive, before nightfall,—Este, where Shelley had spent those sad autumn days, in the house which Byron lent him; Este, the ancestral home of one of the most romantic families of the Italian Renaissance, and which was celebrated in the old days for its lovely gardens and its gay, happy life. The afternoon was well advanced, for we had lingered longer than we expected at spots where views were too enthralling, and at Arquà we had found it harder to leave than we had anticipated. As we drove along we passed through many miles of vineyards, stretching away from the right and left of the road, and often running to the very top of the hillsides. All through the hottest hours of the day, men and women had been working, sometimes so high up on the narrow ledges of the tiny terraces that they looked like mere dark spots against the green. Now, in the cool of the day, they were still busy, tending their vines, often singing at their work,—singing the peasant songs which may well have been inherited from many centuries of vine growers. Their songs came softly to us through the freshening air of the late afternoon. Soon their work would be over; night would fall, and another long day of toil would have vanished into their uneventful past.

I have never been able to remember just where or how it happened, though I have often tried hard to fix the locality. Sometimes I have even wondered if it was a dream. This, of course, is foolish, for dreams, even the most vivid, are seldom as real as this garden was, and as the memory of it still remains after these many years. All I can now recall is that somewhere on that drive we came suddenly and unexpectedly upon a beautiful stone gateway, much worn by time, but evidently the entrance to some large private estate. This seemed the more probable, because for some distance I had noticed that our road was skirting a high wall; a wall, it is true, in a semi-ruinous condition, but which had caught my attention because over the

broken top hung a wild, thick tangle of honeysuckle,—long twisted shoots and runners, moving softly as the breeze caught them, like ghostly arms stretched out from some dim, perfumed hiding place, entreating the chance wayfarer to pause, to linger. I do not remember whether it was we who first asked Cesare to whom the estate belonged, or whether it was Cesare who volunteered information. What I do remember is that before any of us had time to think, someone was pulling a little bell handle to the left of one of the entrance columns, and that a very old caretaker opened to us, and further that somehow, magically, and in the turn of a moment, we had stepped across an invisible threshold into another world; we had stepped back four or five centuries, and were walking in the triumphant days of the Renaissance.

Lombardy and Venetia are full of these magnificent Renaissance gardens; they are scattered everywhere, and fortunately they are often so far from the beaten track, that they are not easy to come upon. Therein lies a part of their charm. Poets like Ariosto and Tasso have sung of them; Boccaccio, earlier still, loved them; but few of them now, alas, remain, save in a state of woeful decay. I suppose that this one in which we had the good fortune to find ourselves, had belonged to some patrician of fifteenth century Venice; or perhaps, even, "the white eagle of Este" had floated here. It did not seem to matter, though, for whoever had first planned it had left his princely mark and evidences of his aristocratic tastes behind him in everything we saw,—he had left it all for us! Of the present owner we were even more ignorant, and all that concerned us was that no one lived there now; sufficient for us that we were granted admittance.

For two enchanted hours, in the fading light of that late afternoon, we wandered; across broad, sun-lit, open spaces, where great fountains had once splashed rainbow-tinted waters into their marble basins, dazzling and white; over wide, grassy lawns sprinkled with tiny flowers, where pageants had been held to celebrate the coming of some illustrious guest, or where there had been gay, laughing, lute and viol contests. We crept down silent and deserted alleys, bordered by their ancient hedges of juniper or of box, dense, high, impenetrable, and from the dark shadows of which peered at intervals, ghost-like, the pale, still face of some marble wood-nymph or satyr; we tiptoed up stone stairways, now broken and insecure, to beautiful, broad terraces where butterflies fluttered low over the grass-grown flags, or, alighting delicately for a brief moment on the moss-dimmed whiteness of a marble balustrade, winged a flickering, happy flight out and away, losing themselves at last in the leafy green of the garden, lying below us. From these terraces we could see wide, sweeping avenues leading to unknown distances, out toward the world beyond the precincts of the park, out where the plain stretched away to the sea. The evening air was stirring up here, scattering about us the sweet, penetrating scent of the jasmine which grew thick and riotous over the terrace wall, and we could see the sunset clouds massing for a last golden burst of glory, a good-night to a fading world. It must have been a favourite spot to linger in, in those by-gone days. Down again we clambered, picking

our way carefully where steps were crumbling, down once more into the dim freshness of the garden itself. Little, twilight paths, under thick, arching laurels, led temptingly to secluded, tranquil spots where were lying strange old fish ponds, round and forlornly staring, green with slime and dark with unkempt water plants, and everywhere the haunting sadness of the cypress groves. Pushing our way through a thickly overgrown shubbery, we came upon what must once have been a cherished flower garden, for here were slender lilies waving, here the soft pink of the oleander, the delicate white of a trailing convolvulus caught the eye, and in the gathering dusk, the flashing crimson of a vagrant rose. How comfortless for flowers, planted by loving hands, to live on, forgotten! What brooding melancholy hangs about any deserted garden ! Wandering back again, through a dim, yew-bordered alley, we sat down on an old stone seat, almost hidden by heavy, overhanging boughs. Night was upon us, but still we lingered, unable to break the ancient spell. Whispering voices from a long dead past seemed to call to us, invisible hands seemed to cling, holding us there. Then suddenly, a shower of jewelled notes broke the stillness; a nightingale, in a thicket close-by, poured out his heart. He sang and sang till the garden was drenched in music, and until we, yielding to the enchantment, no longer seemed to be our separate selves at all. So strangely merged did we become, that when in memory I conjure up that moment, I sometimes fancy that there were, indeed, not three of us, but only one, for all that I can now recall of the other two as separate from myself, is Cicely's white, uplifted face, like one of the peeping wood-nymphs, and the red-gold of Diana's hair, flaming against the sombre shadow of a neighbouring ilex grove.

How we escaped from that phantom garden, how we found Cesare again, waiting, I am sure, rather crossly outside the entrance gateway; how we reached Este,—of none of this can I remember anything. I know only, that as we drove through the fragrant darkness, our road stretched gleaming and white ahead of us, and that one by one the stars shone out in all their southern splendour, and that a delicate crescent moon, a fairy thing, hung low over the tops of the dark cypress trees. We had fallen into such perfect silence that even Cesare ceased his complaining, and only by the regular beat of our horse's hoofs, a kind of rhythmic cadence, did we guess that we were moving.

I am the only one now left to remember that day and its experiences, for Cesare, elderly even at that time, must long ago have died, and our two valiant old horses are surely cropping grass contentedly, somewhere in a happy hunting ground, all their own. They certainly deserve that ! And Cicely and Diana ? Well, they too are gone,—gone to a fairer garden even than the one we wandered in together, that day; while as for me, I have but to close my eyes, and once more I find myself journeying slowly, dreamily, along that silent, star-lit road, in the heart of the Italian night.

WAYFARER.

EVENTUALLY—WHY NOT NOW?

I WAS helping a wise and kind friend of mine to arrange some clematis vines. They grew up the side of a house, and were supposed to grow over the roof. But they had a way of curling back at the coping and falling down again. We were twisting them up and across the roof. It was not as simple a task as it might seem. The upper side of the leaf is very pretty, but the under side is ugly. We had to twist the vines back, which exposed the under side; and then, turn them over. This second part was a long, tedious task. I asked my friend if they would not eventually turn themselves over. He said that they would, but that Mr. Q. (a friend who invited us to spend the summers with him and whose zeal for perfection in the smallest details was contagious) would regret several unnecessary days of ugliness.

"He would not have to wait several days; they will turn in a day or two, won't they?"

"Perhaps, but still Mr. Q. would not wish to wait one day. Isn't there some company that has this motto on its advertisements: 'Eventually—why not now?'"

"Yes, a Flour Company."

"Well, I think we ought to adopt that motto."

A few minutes later Mr. Q., who is an expert gardener, approached us, accompanied by his head man. He looked at the vines and exclaimed, "How admirably you have fixed those vines! They look so finished, as if they had been growing just that way for years." He turned to his gardener and remarked, "We must look to our laurels if we are to trim our vines as neatly."

My friend smiled and said, "The Flour motto seems to be a pretty good one."

Eventually—why not now? I was musing over those words that evening. Before me passed the ghosts of unaccomplished plans. Some of them were glorious plans, but one and all were uncompleted. What had become of them? Where had they gone? All, all had faded into the past. And why? Had they been poor, worthless plans? No, many of them were really valuable. In every case, I had thought to myself, eventually I shall accomplish them; to-morrow I shall begin; next week I shall start; but not to-day—to-day I wish to rest. So they had all disappeared, vanished into the limbo of forgetfulness. It was always to-morrow, or next week;—how often those words had eased the hardships of my life! Just the other morning, I rolled sleepily over in my bed and looked at the clock. It was one minute before my getting-up time. Another five minutes wouldn't make any difference, I thought, I shall get up then. Actually, of course, I got up over an hour later, and missed my train. Often I have thought of some fact that I should have looked up

in preparation for an examination. I shall look it up now, I had decided. But, no, I can really do that to-morrow. So the fact or formula was never learned; and it was usually my karma—good karma, I believe—to get some question or questions in the examination centered around that particular fact.

We all know the story about the horse-shoe that was lost because of a missing nail, which resulted in the loss of an important battle and of a kingdom. I am sure that the rider had often planned to get a new nail: in a day or two, eventually, he was tired then, there was no immediate need. That is what he undoubtedly thought,—just like me. His carelessness, his laziness had unfortunate results.

There are real, historical examples of this "eventually" spirit. We might begin in 405 B.C. Sparta and Athens were then engaged in what was to prove the final struggle. Hitherto the Athenian navy had always been supreme. As long as Athens kept that supremacy, she would remain mistress of the Greek world. The Spartans had at last realized this fact, and had been developing a fleet under the able leadership of Lysander. Their fleet, however, was still smaller, and also less experienced than that of their adversary. During that year the two fleets were stationed on the opposite banks of the same river. Each morning the Athenians manned their fleet, and sailed out into the middle of the river to offer battle, or, if possible, to storm the Spartan harbour. But the Spartans kept their port carefully guarded, and were too wise to attack the larger fleet. Each day the Athenians sailed back and left their fleet, first with a small guard, and at last with no guard at all. One of the most brilliant of the Athenian leaders, who was an exile at this time, saw the danger and hurried over to warn the Athenian admirals. They laughed at him, however. The great Athenian navy beaten,—impossible! When the time came, they would have a guard. Only a few days later, Lysander suddenly brought his fleet across the river and easily captured the defenceless Athenian navy. After this crushing defeat, Athens could only resist for a few months. Her walls were thrown down; she became a captive city, and from this inexcusable defeat, caused by sheer carelessness, she was never to recover.

Centuries later Napoleon was on the eve of, perhaps, his most important battle. He ordered Ney to capture a certain town. Ney marched his soldiers up, and found that it was almost defenceless. He could take it easily. But he was tired and thought that he could do so eventually —the next day would be just as satisfactory. Ney therefore reported to Napoleon that he had captured the town, expecting to take it the next morning. That very night, however, Wellington and his troops unexpectedly arrived there first. Ney was unable to effect a capture. Outnumbered, and with the strategic position lost, Napoleon, as a result, was forced to fight the glorious but hopeless battle of Waterloo. Laziness and the "put-off-until-to-morrow" spirit had, perhaps, changed the history of the world.

What an example that same clematis vine sets us! It can only grow in the

sunlight. It allows nothing to interfere with its desire for life. It will grow up and over anything that attempts to check it. I remarked this fact to my friend. "Yes," he replied, "it is true. I admire the plant. It knows what it wants to do and it does it. Haven't you ever known people like that?"

Yes, fortunately, I have known about such people. Back in the twelfth century the church had become quite degenerate. Despite their vows, almost all the priesthood were illegally married. The practice of simony in order to gain bishoprics was the rule rather than the exception. A young peasant boy made up his mind that he would reform the church. Foolish dream! What could a mere peasant boy do? The church offices were strictly limited to nobles. But he did not allow position and circumstances to prevent him from realizing his ambition. He knew what he wanted and he determined to get it. He entered a monastery and by sheer determination and ability, worked his way to the position of supreme authority. As Pope Gregory VII, he was the strongest man of his time, and, perhaps, the most powerful of all the Popes. We may not like him or his policies, but we must admire his courage and force. He never thought, "Eventually I will do this or that." It was always, "Now, in this very moment."

During a war between France and England, one of the French captains pointed out a town to a young officer, told him that it was important strategically, and ordered him to capture it. How could he? He had only a handful of soldiers under him. He would have to wait for reinforcements. Eventually he might take the town, but now—impossible. Fortunately, he was not that type of man. That very day he rode out to reconnoitre. One gate of the outer wall happened to be open; so, without hesitating and though alone, he entered the town and rode fearlessly to the central square. Dismounting, he entered the town hall, and peremptorily demanded of the mayor immediate surrender, and the instant delivery of the keys. He had so much courage and determination that the mayor thought he must have a large force of soldiers with him, and therefore surrendered.

What sort of people are we? Some of us may wish to be disciples. Yes, but when? Do we wish to be disciples now, or eventually? Are we ready to give up our pet faults?—those little, unimportant foibles which, we pretend, do not really matter. We shall give them up some day—we say—outgrow them eventually; there is no immediate need. Of course, when we really become disciples, we must correct them; but not being disciples yet, we think to continue our careless indulgence, until next New Year's Day, or until our next birthday, or until any old day. Forsooth, we are not disciples! And, as long as that is our attitude, we never shall be disciples. If we ever expect to get anywhere or to be anybody, we must begin now, not eventually.

George Woodbridge Jr.

CHHANDOGYA UPANISHAD

PART VIII

Instructions for Disciples

ALL the great Upanishads are concerned with the Mysteries, whether as rituals of Initiation or dialogues between Master and disciple. The present treatise, *Chhandogya Upanishad*, appears to be a graduated series of Instructions for disciples, beginning with what *The Secret Doctrine* calls the Law of Correspondence, and leading up gradually to the revelation that in man, as the Microcosm, are represented all the divine powers of the Logos, the Macrocosm.

The division of these Instructions here translated begins with the teaching of the Heart, as the dwelling place of spiritual consciousness and power. The heart, awakened, inspires the intelligence; the illuminated intelligence guides the powers of the heart.

Writing to the disciples at Corinth, Paul the Initiate said, "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?" In the same sense, this Upanishad speaks of man as "the city of the Eternal." The "small lotus" within the city is the Heart, as dwelling place of spiritual power and light: "In this shining ether in the heart within are concentrated both heaven and earth,—whatsoever of the Self is in this world, and whatsoever is not, all this is concentrated in this dwelling"; the essence of all of the Logos that has so far been manifested in the visible world, and also the essence of all that has not yet been manifested, all that should be manifested until the consummation of the Yuga.

As so often, the teaching is cast in the form of a dialogue between a Master and his disciples. In many of these dialogues, as that between King Yama and Nachiketas, or that between Shvetaketu and his father, names are given; in the present teaching there are no names, yet the relation between Master and disciples shines out clearly.

There are two stages in the teaching: First, the revelation of the divine powers in the heart, as in the Macrocosm; second, the further revelation that, through the awakening of these divine powers, the Spiritual Man takes form, a being immortal, invincible, radiant. Even though the bodily temple be destroyed, the Divinity in the temple is untouched.

Then comes a vitally important message, which gives a clue to much of human life and to the cause of the tragedy of human life: "These true desires here are overlaid with false; of these true desires there is a covering of false. . . . Therefore, even as those who know not the place where a treasure of gold is buried, even though they walk over it again and again, would not find

it, so, verily, all these beings here go day by day to the world of the Eternal and do not find it, led in captivity by the false The significance of this is exactly the same as that of the later parable: "The kingdom of heaven is like unto treasure hid in a field; the which when a man hath found, he hideth, and for joy thereof goeth and selleth all that he hath, and buyeth that field."

Nothing is but the Eternal and the powers of the Eternal. All men, all hearts, exiles from the Eternal, seek that incessantly, longing for their home, though they know not what they seek That true desire underlies and gives life to all false desires. Those who seek satisfaction in fragrance and garlands, in song and music and fair women, even in food and drink, are blindly gropingly seeking the Eternal. Their true desires are overlaid with false. Yet the essence of what they desire, and that which alone can satisfy their desire is in the divine Self, the Eternal. By conquering the evil and allurement of false desires, we may make the heart clean, and in the clean heart find the dwelling of the Eternal.

In the *Revelation*, there is a close parallel to what is related in this Upanishad concerning "the third heaven above this world," where are the Lake of Joy and the Tree of Life, distilling nectar: "And he shewed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb . . . and on either side of the river was there the tree of life . . . and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations." Both Scriptures have the same theme, they are concerned with Initiation into the divine Spirit, among whose treasures are the water of life and the healing of the nations.

So we come to the great story of Prajapati, Lord of beings, to whom repaired Indra of the Gods and Virochana of the Demons. Its essence is the same as before: the true desires are overlaid with false, the illusory forms of this outer world. Virochana sees only the false covering and is fully satisfied with that. So it has been said that to fix the sight on Nature is evil and the source of evil, but, fixing the vision on Nature, to see through Nature to the Eternal, is the path of wisdom and immortality.

This is the essence, but the teaching of Prajapati goes farther than this. He covers, in fact, the whole teaching of the Seven Principles, as taught most succinctly in *Mandukya Upanishad*, leading up to the divine Self, one with the Logos, above the three limited vestures, in "the third heaven above this world," to repeat the phrase already used.

The Lotus of the Heart

And so, that which is in this city of the Eternal, a small lotus, is a dwelling; in it is a small space, radiant ether; that which is in this within, that is to be sought out, that is what you should seek to discern.

If the disciples should say to him, "That which is in this city of the Eternal, a small lotus, is a dwelling; in it is a small space, radiant ether; what is it that exists in it, that should be sought out, that we should seek to discern?"

He should say, "As great as is this shining ether of space, so great is this

shining ether in the heart within; within this are concentrated both heaven and earth, both fire and wind, both sun and moon, lightning and the stellar realms; whatsoever of the Self is in this world and whatsoever is not, all this is concentrated in this dwelling."

If the disciples should say to him, "If in this city of the Eternal all is concentrated, and all beings, and all desires, when old age overcomes this, or it falls into decay, what then remains of it?"

He should say, "Not through the fading of this does that grow old, nor by the slaying of this is that slain; this city of the Eternal is the Real, in it are concentrated desires, this is the Self, from which evil has been driven away, ageless, deathless, beyond sorrow, beyond hunger and thirst, true in desire, true in creative imagination; for it is as if people here should betake themselves to a new territory according to a decree, on whatsoever portion they should set their desires, whatever region, whatever part of the land, on that they would dwell, drawing a living from it. Then, just as here the region won by work is exhausted, so, verily, over there the region won by good works is exhausted. Therefore, they who in this world go forth, without having sought and found the divine Self and the true desires of the Self, for them there is in all the worlds no true fulfilment of desire; so they who in this world go forth, having sought and found the divine Self and the true desires of the Self, for them there is in all worlds the true fulfilment of desire.

"So if he be desirous of the world of the Fathers, through his creative power the Fathers arise and stand before him; endowed with the world of the Fathers, he is mighty.

"And so if he be desirous of the world of the Mothers, through his creative power the Mothers arise and stand before him; endowed with the world of the Mothers, he is mighty.

"And so if he be desirous of the world of the Brothers, through his creative power the Brothers arise and stand before him; endowed with the world of the Brothers, he is mighty.

"And so if he be desirous of the world of the Sisters, through his creative power the Sisters arise and stand before him; endowed with the world of the Sisters, he is mighty.

"And so if he be desirous of the world of the Companions, through his creative power the Companions arise and stand before him; endowed with the world of the Companions, he is mighty.

"And so if he be desirous of the world of fragrance and garlands, through his creative power fragrance and garlands arise and stand before him; endowed with the world of fragrance and garlands, he is mighty.

"And so if he be desirous of the world of food and drink, through his creative power food and drink arise and stand before him; endowed with the world of food and drink, he is mighty.

"And so if he be desirous of the world of song and music, through his creative power song and music arise and stand before him; endowed with the world of song and music, he is mighty.

"And so if he be desirous of the world of fair women, through his creative power fair women arise and stand before him; endowed with the world of fair women, he is mighty.

"Whatsoever realm he is desirous of, whatever desire he desires, through his creative power it arises and stands before him; endowed with it, he is mighty.

"These true desires here are overlaid with false; of these true desires there is a covering of false. Whoever, belonging to him, should go forth in death, he cannot reach him to behold him in this world. And so whoever there are belonging to him, living in this world, or who have gone forth in death, and whatever else he desires and cannot attain, entering into the divine Self he finds all this, for in the divine Self are all these his true desires which were overlaid with false. Therefore, even as those who know not the place where a treasure of gold is buried, even though they walk over it again and again, would not find it, so, verily, all these beings here go day by day to the world of the Eternal and do not find it, led in captivity by the false.

"This divine Self is in the heart. This is the definition of it, 'He in the Heart.' Therefore it is named the Heart. Day by day he who knows thus goes to the heaven world. And so he who is this Lord of peace, rising up from this body, attaining to the higher Light, is endowed with his own form; this is the divine Self," said he; "this is the immortal, the fearless; this is the Eternal; and of him, of this Eternal, the name is Satyam, Truth.

"These are the three syllables: Sat-ti-yam; Sat is the immortal; Ti is the mortal; Yam joins the two, uniting the mortal to the immortal. Therefore, he who knows thus goes day by day to the heaven world.

"And so, that which is the divine Self, that is the bridge, holding the worlds apart, that they may not blend together. Day and night cross not this bridge, nor age and death, nor good nor ill works; all evil deeds turn back from this, for all evil is driven away from this world of the Eternal. Therefore, when he has crossed this bridge, the blind is no longer blind, nor the maimed maimed, nor the afflicted afflicted. Therefore, crossing this bridge, night is transformed to day, for this world of the Eternal is radiance everlasting.

"Therefore, they who seek and find this world of the Eternal through service of the Eternal, theirs is this world of the Eternal; in all worlds theirs is the fulfilment of true desire.

"And so what they name sacrifice is service of the Eternal, for he who through service of the Eternal has attained wisdom, finds that world. And so what they name offering is service of the Eternal, for making the offering through service of the Eternal, he finds the divine Self. And so what they name the continued sacrifice is service of the Eternal, for through service of the Eternal he finds the continuing home of the true divine Self And so what they name silent meditation is service of the Eternal, for through service of the Eternal seeking and finding the divine Self, he meditates. And so what they name fasting is service of the Eternal, for the divine Self which he finds through service of the Eternal stands fast. And so what they name

dwelling in the forest is service of the Eternal; for the forest is Aranya, and Ara and Nya are the two seas in the world of the Eternal, in the third heaven above this world. There are the Lake of Joy and the Tree of Life, distilling nectar; there is the invincible stronghold of the Eternal, the golden dwelling of the Lord. Therefore, they who seek and find these two seas in the world of the Eternal through service of the Eternal, theirs is the world of the Eternal; theirs in all worlds is the fulfilment of true desire.

"And so there are these channels of the heart which arise from the subtile essence, orange and bright and deep blue and yellow and red; that sun is orange, bright, deep blue, yellow and red. Therefore, as a highway stretched out goes between two villages, this and that, so, verily, these rays of the sun go between two worlds, this and that; they radiate from that sun and penetrate into these channels; they radiate from these channels and penetrate into the sun.

"Therefore, where one is sunk in sleep, altogether entered into quietude, so that he discerns no dream, then he has entered into these channels; him no evil touches, for he is then endowed with the radiance.

"And so when one has fallen into weakness, they who are seated about him say, 'Knowest thou me? Knowest thou me' He, so long as he has not risen from this body, knows them. And so when he rises from this body, by these rays he mounts upward. Repeating, Om, verily, he ascends; as swiftly as he could send a thought, so swiftly he goes to the sun; this, truly, is the door of the world, the entrance of the wise, but a barrier to the unwise."

Therefore, there is this verse:

A hundred and one are the channels of the heart; of them one mounts upward to the crown; ascending by that, he goes to immortality; the others lead in all directions.

Deva and Asura

"That divine Self from which all evil is driven away, ageless, deathless, beyond sorrow, beyond hunger and thirst, whose desire is true, whose creative power is true, that is to be sought after, that is to be discerned; he wins all worlds and all desires who, seeking that divine Self, discerns it:" thus spake Prajapati, Lord of beings.

This both Devas and Asuras, Gods and Demons, heard. They said "That divine Self we desire to know, that Self seeking which one wins all worlds and all desires."

Indra, verily, of the Gods, and Virochana of the Demons set forth toward him; these two, not making it known to each other, drew near to Prajapati with fuel in their hands.

They two dwelt in service of the Eternal thirty-two years. To them Prajapati said, "Seeking what have ye dwelt here?"

They two said, "'That Self from which all evil is driven away, ageless, death-

less, beyond sorrow, beyond hunger and thirst, whose desire is true, whose creative power is true, that is to be sought after, that is to be discerned; he wins all worlds and all desires who, seeking that Self, discerns it': thus they report the Master's word; seeking this, we have dwelt here."

To them Prajapati said, "This person who is seen in the eye, this is the Self, said he, this is the immortal, fearless, this is the Eternal!"

"But that one, Master, who is perceived in water, and that one in a mirror, which is he?"

"It is he, verily; in all these places he is perceived. When ye have considered the Self in a vessel of water, whatever of the Self ye understand not, declare ye that to me."

They two observed in the vessel of water. To them, Prajapati said, "What see ye?" They said, "We see the whole Self of our two selves, Master, answering even to the hair, even to the nails."

To them Prajapati said, "Adorning yourselves well, with fair garments well decked, observe in the vessel of water." They two, adorning themselves well, with fair garments, well decked, observed in the vessel of water.

To them Prajapati said, "What see ye?" They said, "Just as we two, Master, are well adorned, with fair garments, well decked, so are these two, Master, well adorned, with fair garments, well decked!"

"This is the Self," said he, "this is the immortal, fearless, this is the Eternal!"

They two went forth with peaceful heart. Following them with his eyes, Prajapati said, "Without understanding the Self, without finding, they two have departed! Whosoever shall hold this to be the true teaching, Gods or Demons, they shall go astray and fall!"

With peaceful heart Virochana went to the Demons. To them he declared this as the true doctrine, "Self, verily, in this world is to be reverenced, Self is to be served; reverencing Self, verily, in this world, serving Self, he wins both worlds, this and the other world."

Therefore, even to-day in this world they say, of him who gives no gifts, who has no faith, who makes no sacrifice, "He is as a Demon!" For this is the doctrine of Demons. They deck the body of one who has gone forth with begged garlands and perfumes, robes and ornaments, thinking that with this they will win the other world.

But Indra, even before he had reached the Gods, saw this fear: "Verily, just as when the body is well adorned, this is well adorned; when the body is well clad, this is well clad; when the body is well decked, this is well decked; in just the same way, when the body is blind, this is blind; when the body is halt, this is halt; when the body is maimed, this is maimed; when the body is destroyed, this is destroyed. I see nothing enjoyable in this!"

So with fuel in his hand he came back again. To him Prajapati said, "O Masterful One, with peaceful heart thou hast departed with Virochana; seeking what hast thou come back?"

He said, "Just as, Master, when the body is well adorned, this is well

adorned; when the body is well clad, this is well clad; when the body is well decked, this is well decked; in just the same way, when the body is blind, he is blind, when halt, halt, when maimed, maimed, and when the body is destroyed, this is destroyed. I see nothing enjoyable in this!"

"He is so, in truth, O Masterful One," said he. "But I shall make him further manifest to thee. Dwell here other two and thirty years!"

He dwelt there other two and thirty years. To him the Lord of beings said, "He who moves and acts in dreams, putting on greatness, he is the Self; this is the immortal, the fearless, this is the Eternal."

He set forth with peaceful heart, but even before he had reached the Gods, he saw this fear: "Even though it be true that, when the body is blind, this Self of dream is not blind, when the body is halt, he is not halt, nor is he impaired through the defect of the body; not by the slaying of this is he slain, nor by the maiming of this is he maimed; nevertheless they seem to slay him, they seem to pursue him; he feels what is painful, he laments, as it were. I see nothing enjoyable in this!"

So with fuel in his hand he came back again. To him Prajapati said, "O Masterful One, with peaceful heart thou hast departed; seeking what hast thou come back?"

He said, "Even though it be true, Master, that, when the body is blind, this Self of dream is not blind, when the body is halt, he is not halt, nor is he impaired through the defect of the body; not by the slaying of this is he slain, nor by the maiming of this is he maimed; nevertheless they seem to slay him, they seem to pursue him; he feels what is painful, he laments, as it were. I see nothing enjoyable in this!"

"He is so, in truth, O Masterful One," said he. "But I shall make him further manifest to thee. Dwell here other two and thirty years."

He dwelt there other two and thirty years. To him the Lord of beings said, When one is sunk in sleep, altogether entered into quietude, so that he discerns no dream, this is the Self, said he; this is the immortal, the fearless, this is the Eternal."

He set forth with peaceful heart, but even before he had reached the Gods, he saw this fear: "Verily, this Self in dreamlessness does not completely know himself, so as to say, 'I am he,' nor does he know these beings; he has gone to surcease. I see nothing enjoyable in this!"

So with fuel in his hand he came back again. To him Prajapati said, "O Masterful One, with peaceful heart thou hast departed; seeking what hast thou come back?"

He said, "Verily, this Self in dreamlessness does not completely know himself, so as to say, I am he, nor does he know these beings; he has gone to surcease. I see nothing enjoyable in this!"

"He is so, in truth, O Masterful One," said he. "But I shall make him further manifest to thee, for there is nothing other than this. Dwell here other five years."

He dwelt there other five years. This completed one hundred and one

years. This is why they say, One hundred and one years Indra the Masterful One dwelt with Prajapati in service of the Eternal.

To him the Lord of beings said, "O Masterful One, mortal, verily, is this body, seized and held by death, yet it is the standing place of the immortal, bodiless, divine Self. This Self, when united with the body, is enthralled by pleasure and pain, for there is no driving away of pleasure and pain for him who is united with the body, but pleasure and pain do not touch the bodiless.

"Bodiless are the wind, cloud, lightning, thunder, bodiless are these. Therefore, as these, ascending from that expanse of ether, entering into the higher Light, return to their own form, so, verily, this Perfect Peace, ascending from this body, entering into the higher Light, returns to his own form. This is the highest Spiritual Man. There he rejoices, as those rejoice who laugh, disporting themselves, finding delight in fair women, in cars, in friends, not remembering the burden of this body. For as a horse is yoked to a wagon, so is this Life yoked to the body.

"And so, when the eye is fixed on aught in space, it is the Spirit that sees, the eye is but the means of seeing; and so, when he says, 'Let me smell this,' it is the Self, the sense of smell is but the means; and so, when he says, 'Let me utter this,' it is the Self, voice is but the means of utterance; and so, when he says, 'Let me hear this,' it is the Self, the sense of hearing is but the means; and so, when he says, 'Let me think this,' it is the Self, the mind is the radiant eye of the Self; with this radiant eye, the mind, the Self sees these desires and is full of joy.

"Those who are in the world of the Eternal, the Radiant Ones, worship the divine Self. Therefore, by them all worlds are possessed and all desires. All worlds he wins and all desires who, seeking after the divine Self, discerns it." Thus spake Prajapati; thus spake Prajapati.

(*To be continued*)

Philosophy will give us one of the greatest of blessings—freedom from regret.
—SENECA.

"WHAT IS THE USE OF PRAYING?"

"WHAT is the use of praying?" is the challenge of the materialist, the wail of the despondent, and the query of the child. Yet prayer and constant prayer may be demonstrated to be automatic. Search will show that recognition of its power is as deeply rooted in human consciousness as the will to live. Indeed it seems almost safe to say that prayer corresponds, on the spiritual plane, with the will to live, on the physical plane. Cold-blooded life insurance companies recognize that the will-to-live is a dominant factor in longevity. They base their selection and their rates largely upon this power. Perhaps the underwriting of our spiritual life may depend upon the will to live spiritually, as manifested by the direction and the degree of consciousness in which we exercise the automatic power of prayer.

In our political consciousness there would appear to be an interesting survival of prayer. Those of us who believe that there is a probability that certain laws were impressed upon the consciousness of embryo humanity by great Beings, may see in these political reactions a survival of the teaching as to prayer. What is referred to is "The right to petition." All kings have granted it. Their subjects have jealously guarded their privilege and right. John Quincy Adams is forgotten as a President. He is remembered as "the old man eloquent" for his fight for the right to petition. It is to-day a political axiom that the citizen has the right of access to his sovereign, whether it be king or Congress, through petition—in other words, has a right to pray.

The right of appeal given to "drunks," sentenced in a police court; given to privates in the army; given to suitors at law; is only a recognition of the inherent right to petition or pray, granted even to school children, from teacher to principal.

There is, however, speaking of children, something we should remember, and that is that there is no right to petition beyond the ultimate power, so that modern parents make a mistake, perhaps defying immutable law, when they permit their children to appeal from their decisions.

There is a very commonplace advertisement of the present day which is of interest as showing how recognition of what actually is, may appear in the most unexpected places. It is "Ask Dad." Here we have an unconscious recognition of the principle that there is final authority somewhere, and that it is our privilege and our right to go to that final authority.

When Ralph Waldo Emerson applied for ordination, in accordance with the custom of his day he had to "preach on approbation." This sermon was vital to the future of applicants for ordination. Emerson chose Prayer as his theme. He related how he had been working in a field a year before, with a labourer. In those days, it may be said *en passant*, Yankee labourers were

more often than not off-shoots of the families that produced Governors, Judges, Preachers, and other then recognized New England aristocrats. Emerson quoted the labourer as having said to him, "Did you ever stop to think, Mr. Emerson, that we are praying all the time, and that our prayers are always answered?" Young Emerson selected this as the theme for his key-note sermon, adding that this being true—and he demonstrated that it was true—it behooves us to be careful for what we pray.

One of the greatest masters of spiritual practice that the Western world has seen was Ignatius Loyola. Most people fail to give him the recognition that is his due. Few people realize that the study of his life would seem to demonstrate that he both understood and practised Theosophy. Of course, the reason why he is misunderstood is that his own disciples in the organization he founded—the "Company of Jesus"—even before he died were lured from the trail he laid out for it. As an organization it has always recognized the spiritual dynamics he taught, but it has applied them too often for materialistic ends.

Ignatius set forth various practical methods for developing spiritual powers in order to reach to "Divine Majesty," to enable one to get help in one's personal needs, and in order that one might serve better.

It is interesting to go over his practical teaching, and to see how he starts his exercises invariably with prayer, and always with the same prayer. The "Preparatory Prayer" is to ask grace that "all my intentions, actions, and operations may be directed purely to the service and praise of His Divine Majesty."

The second stage, which he called "First Prelude," is invaluable. It is "composition," or an exercise of the imagination in vividly visualizing the given *mise en scène*, so-to-speak. Sometimes one pictures an episode in the life of the Master Christ; or one seeks to place one's self in that Master's presence.

The third stage, which Ignatius called "Second Prelude," thus making it part of the previous stage, is an order of imagination. It is to ask for what one wants. Sometimes there is one development or even more, in detail, of "Preludes" after the first. The Final Prelude is invariably "to ask for what I want."

Then follows a consistent development, through the use of the imagination and by meditation, upon the detailed picture and the detailed analysis. The close is always a "Colloquy," a direct talk, or a face to face petition.

Here we may find the more or less familiar Theosophical development of: from desire, through imagination, to will; corresponding to thought, the amorphous desire; to the word or the desire definitely delineated; and finally to the resultant act.

When a Master declared that all things are possible to one who has faith, if we "pray without ceasing," it would seem that he was simply stating one of the immutable laws of the Universe, and that it is possible literally to move mountains. Every time the writer reads that passage of Scripture, he thinks of a much advertised illustration of the practical working of this law in our

own day. This was the work that Colonel Goethals did on the Panama Canal, paralleled by the work of J. Waldo Smith in building the Catskill Aqueduct for New York City. Each man had a desire to accomplish a certain result. Each man had sufficient imagination to picture how it could be done, and to determine where there should be a one-pointed attack by will. Each man kept alive faith in the possibility of the seemingly demonstrated impossibility. Each man changed the possibility into an actuality.

While anything lives, it cannot be static. It must move. Growth may be considered as movement upward. Decay may be considered as movement downward. We move whichever way we desire. In other words, we move whichever way we pray. Prayer is only the consciousness of existent and potent desire. Rationalistic philosophers may explain prayer as the quieting of the active mind, and may attribute the result to powers hidden within man,—in which case the rationalists express a part, but a part only, of a Theosophical truth. The religious follower without philosophy who prays to a Divine Being, also recognizes the inherent powers of the Universe. He has sufficient humility to ignore their personification in himself. He appeals to a personification which is essentially the "Self" of Eastern methods.

Emerson developed his early recognition of the ceaselessness of prayer, in his later life. Perhaps we may consider that he summed this thesis in his statement that there is one Mind common to all men, and that "every man is an inlet to the same, and to all of the same." We are inclined to think of our relationship to the Universe as if we were outlets. It may prove profitable to meditate upon Emerson's choice of the word "inlet."

Perhaps it may bring home to us that we put even our foulest desires into the Universe. This may further bring home the purely Christian teaching that our sins hurt our Master. Our sins are merely the manifestation of our desires—the results of our prayers. Our movement downward is a stage of decay. Hence our virtues, which are the results of prayer, or the expression of desires, are contributions to the Master; explaining, perhaps, the doctrine that we furnish him with force to use on the mundane plane.

It would seem simple, if we consider this problem, to realize that whether we approach it from the purely intellectual point of view, as a matter of philosophy, or whether we approach it from the higher plane of spiritual consciousness, the question is not, "What is the use of praying?" but, "What use do we make of Prayer?" and, "For what may I really pray?"

In other words, prayer may be considered as the first stage of consciousness of our being an inherent, integral, and even irresistible part of the Universe. We sin because we want to sin. We are then praying to decay, and our prayers are being granted. Yet there is no limit to the possibilities of our redemption, always provided that we obey the law to pray without ceasing for our redemption. Does it not seem literally true that we pray all the time, and that our prayers are always answered? Was not Emerson wise when he advised us that it behooves us to be careful for what we pray?

G. W.

STUDIES IN PARACELSUS

III

PARACELSUS closely follows the teaching of Occultism regarding the cosmic principle of vital energy called Fohat, as Madame Blavatsky has shown clearly, and at considerable length, in *The Secret Doctrine*. To this cosmic power, Fohat, Paracelsus gives the name, Archaeus; its highest aspect is the Spiritus Mundi, manifested as the Anima Mundi the energizing principle of the stellar and solar systems. It is also the energizing principle of man, and of the human body.

In Volume I of *The Secret Doctrine* in Sections VI and VII of Part III, much is said regarding the manifestation of this force, both in the solar system and in the human body Passages are quoted from the speculations of Dr. B. W. Richardson regarding the nerve ether, with illuminating comments from the Occult standpoint, and the deeper and more philosophical view of Paracelsus is shown. For our purpose, it will be enough to summarize these Sections, referring our readers to *The Secret Doctrine* for fuller details.

When Fohat, which Paracelsus calls Ares or Archaeus, acts upon a compound, or even a simple body, life is produced. The Archaeus is an essence that is equally distributed in all parts of the human body. The whole of the Microcosm is contained potentially in the Liquor Vitae, or Spiritus Vitae in which are contained the nature, quality, character and essence of beings. This Spiritus Vitae takes its origin from the Spiritus Mundi, and, being an emanation of the latter, it contains the elements of all cosmic influences, and is, therefore, the force through which the actions of the "stars", the cosmic forces, are exerted upon the invisible body of man, his vital Linga Sharira. Fohat, the Archaeus manifesting as Prana, pervades the whole living body of man, as the water within the living sponge bears a continuous relation to the water of the ocean outside the sponge. Similarly, in the solar system the collective aggregation of atoms pervaded by Fohat forms the Anima Mundi, the Soul of our Cosmos, each atom of which is a soul, a Monad, endowed with consciousness and hence with memory.

In the human body, the manifestation of Prana which Dr. Richardson calls the nervous ether is the lowest principle of the Primordial Essence, which is Life. It is animal vitality diffused in all nature, and acting according to the conditions which it finds for its activity. It is not a product of animal life; the living animal, the living plant or flower, are its products. The animal tissues absorb it according to their more or less healthy or morbid states, as do also physical materials in their primal states, and, from the moment of the birth of the entity, its energies are regulated, strengthened and

fed by this force. It descends abundantly to vegetation in the Sushumna Ray of the Sun, which gives light and vital energy to the Moon, and through her beams pours its penetrating light upon animals and man, during their periods of sleep and rest, rather than when they are in full activity. This force transmits all vibrations of heat, light, sound, electricity and mechanical action. It is the conductor of these forces in the sense of being the Upadhi, the physical or material basis; but, as the second principle, counting from below, of the Universal Soul, as the Vital Force in nature, it is intelligently guided by the universal Fifth Principle.

In the living human body, this force holds the whole nervous system in perfect tension; by exercise it is disposed, or, rather, generated, and, when the demand for it is greater than the supply, its deficiency is indicated by nervous collapse or exhaustion. Too great an exuberance of it in the nervous system leads as often to disease and death. If it were the animal system which generated it, surely this would not be the case; this, therefore, shows its independence of the animal system and its connection with sun-force. It accumulates in the nervous centres during sleep, bringing them, so to say, to their due tone and therewith raising the muscles to awakening and renewed life. The body, fully renewed by it, possesses the capacity for motion, fulness of form, life. The body, bereft of it, shows inertia, the shrunken configuration of death, the evidence of having lost something physical that was in it when it lived. This physical something is what Occultists call the life-fluid, the Liquor Vitae of Paracelsus; it has not deserted the body, it has only changed its state from activity to passivity, and has become latent owing to the morbid state of the tissues, which it can no longer control. Once the rigidity of death is absolute the Liquor Vitae will awaken once more to action and will begin its work on the atoms chemically. Brahma, Vishnu, creator and preserver of life, transforms himself into Shiva-Rudra-destroyer and regenerator.

The nervous ether may be poisoned; that is, it may have diffused through it, by simple gaseous diffusion, other gases and vapours derived from without; it may derive from within products of substances swallowed and ingested, in conformity with what Paracelsus says of the Archaeus of the stomach separating the good from the bad element in foods; or it may be affected by gases of decomposition produced in the body during disease. Further, the nervous ether of one person can be poisoned by the nervous ether of another person, or by his auric emanations. As Paracelsus teaches, the Archaeus is of a magnetic nature, and attracts or repels other sympathetic or antipathetic forces belonging to the same plane. The less power of resistance to astral influences a person possesses, the more subject he will be to such influences. The vital force is not enclosed within the body, but radiates within and around it like a luminous sphere, and it may be made to act at a distance. It may poison the essence of life in the blood, or may purify it after it has been made impure, and thus restore health, as Paracelsus says in the *Paragranum*.

Owing to local changes in the nervous matter which the nerve ether pervades, under sharp excitation it may vibrate as if in a storm and plunge every muscle under cerebral or spinal control into uncontrolled motion—unconscious convulsions. Of this nervous excitation, no one except the Occultist knows the true reason or explains the primary cause.

This principle of life may kill by excess as well as by deficiency. But this principle, on our manifested plane, is but the effect and result of the intelligent action of the Host, or collective spiritual principle, the manifesting Life and Light. It is subordinate to, and emanates from, the ever invisible, eternal and absolute One Life, in a descending and reascending scale of hierarchic degrees, a true septenary ladder, with the Logos at the upper end, and the inferior Pitris at the lower.

Thus Paracelsus teaches that three "spirits" live in and actuate man; three worlds pour their beams on him, but all three are the image and echo of one and the same all-constructing, universal principle of production and evolution. The first is the divine spirit, which *The Secret Doctrine* calls Augoeides; the second is the spirit of the "stars,' the sidereal or astral body; the third is the spirit of the elements, the terrestrial body and vital force in its brute condition. Man is a microcosm, a "little world," within the great universe. Like a foetus, he is suspended by his three spirits in the matrix of the macrocosm; and, while his terrestrial body is in constant sympathy with its parent earth, his astral body lives in unison with the sidereal Anima Mundi. He is in it, as it is in him, for this world-pervading element fills all space, and is space itself. So some astronomers hold that there is no empty space, but a plenum of vital atoms of star-dust; material awaiting the impulse of Fohat to mould it into worlds. As to man's third and highest spirit, it is a ray, one of the countless radiations proceeding directly from the Highest Cause, the Spiritual Light of the universe. Both organic and inorganic nature manifest this trinity—the spiritual, astral and physical—which are three in one. As Proclus says, "The first Monad is the eternal God; the second, eternity; the third, the paradigm or pattern of the universe", the three constituting the Intelligible Triad, that is, the triad which can be perceived only through the intelligence. Everything in the visible universe is the outflow of this triad, and a microcosmic triad itself.

Paracelsus says that matter, in the state in which it is known to us, is perceived through the physical senses; but to beings who are not provided with such senses, material things are as invisible and intangible as spiritual things are to those who have not developed the power of spiritual perception. The Spiritual Essence comes from the first emanation of God. It is gifted with divine wisdom and divine power, and, if the "elements" constituting the normal man become conscious of possessing divine gifts and learn to realize their power and how to employ them, they will be supernormal, and may rightly be called divine Sons. Although the powers and essences which go to make up their "souls" may be far more enduring than their physical bodies, these powers and essences will become "separated" into their ele-

ments in due time, and there is nothing that endures save the "Spirit of God" which may become manifest in man through assimilation with the more refined essences of the soul. If no such assimilation takes place—that is, if the human being during life does not become wise and good and spiritually enlightened—the divine ray will, at the death of the body, return again to the source from whence it came, but the "elements" of that personality (the mask) will remain as an impression on the astral light. There is thus a dual Astral Light, the natural Light, and a reflected, impressed light; the latter is the storehouse of earthly personalities, made up of life-atoms. As will be seen later, in the *Philosophia Sagax*, this has an important bearing on what Paracelsus calls the "Body of Regeneration."

In man, there are two kinds of "intellectus" or intelligence,—the human and the animal. It is only the human, supernormal intelligence which can unite itself with the spirit. The lower or animal, reason, however well versed in dogmatic science, logic and sophistry, however much learning in regard to external appearances it may possess, will be "dissolved" after death, because it is only the spirit of life (together with the spirit of truth) which can hold these "effects" together and prevent their return to the "chaos." Only those elements of the personality which are conformed to, and can combine with the spirit, will survive with the latter.

The Soul-essence of man is formed by the ethereal and astral "influences" coming from the soul of the world, the souls of the planets and the stars, especially from the soul of the planet whereon he lives These astral elements are the organizers of the astral body of man. They are the "builders" of the temple wherein the spirit resides; and by physiological processes they attract the "elements" of the earth and form tissues, muscles and bones, becoming visible and tangible to other similarly constituted beings, as the material, or animal, body of man. Man is, therefore, a twofold being,—a visible and an invisible man. The visible man consists of the originally invisible "elements" which, by the process described, have become visible in his form, with the "signatures" thereto attached; the invisible man consists of those thoughts, feelings and qualities whose origin is in the Macrocosm, their "light" being reflected and impressed on the invisible man, and thence outwardly on matter. Man is, therefore, the Quintessence (the fifth essence, as distinct from the four elements) of all the elements, and a "son" of the universe, or a copy in miniature of the world-soul, and everything that exists or takes place in the universe exists or may take place in the constitution of man.

The object of man's existence is, to re-establish the original harmony that existed before the separation took place, which disturbed the harmonious inter-relations between God and man, and which caused the emanation of the divine essence to be surrounded by "matter" of the wrong construction, because the "builders" were wrongly guided, whereby the inter-relation was marred, and the spirit was imprisoned in the "self" of matter, with the qualities pertaining thereto. It is worth noting that, on the re-establishment of this harmony, Paracelsus bases his whole system of medicine.

In his teaching, we find Paracelsus considering the constitution of man as seven modifications of one primordial essence: the elementary body; the Archaeus, or Prana, which he sometimes calls Mumia; the sidereal, or astral, body, the Linga Sharira; the animal soul, or Kama-Manas; the rational soul, or Manas; the spiritual soul, Buddhi-Manas; and the spirit, which he calls "the man of the New Olympus." He enters into the details of this classification in his explanation of Astronomia in *Philosophia Sagax*, in his *De Natura Rerum*, and elsewhere. In *Philosophia Sagax*, Paracelsus treats of the "elementary body" and the "sidereal body," and describes what takes place after death, with the changes and decomposition necessary for the liberation of the life-atoms in order that they may bring about these changes, and the conditions and "localities" in which they persist; he also writes with great severity regarding the Necromancy, or sorcery, which is based on these properties of the astral body after death.

In his *Philosophia ad Athenienses* and *Philosophia Sagax*, Paracelsus describes at length what he terms the Evestrum and its relation to the soul, and enumerates different kinds of Evestra. The Evestrum would seem to be the Linga Sharira, the etheric vesture, of any body, simple or composite, and in man to be the means through which his consciousness comes in contact with the world of the "elements," the impression being transmitted through a power which he calls Trarames, which is the medium of communication with the astral bodies of men and of the beings inhabiting the astral world, the Elementals, Nymphae, Undines, Sylphs, Salamanders, Flagae and others. Paracelsus fully describes the character of these beings, and speaks at length of the Evestrum in man, and the liberation of the forces involved in it by the "separation" or change which we know as death, but which is really the entry to a more intense form of life. He carefully distinguishes between the "elements" as such, and "elementaries," which he calls "lemures," or "caballi," in his *De Generatione Hominis*. In this book, the New Olympus is shown to be, not the ultimate state of the spiritual man, but the condition of the ego set free by death to enter a state appropriate to it before assuming a new body, whose nature is clearly described in *Philosophia Sagax*. Depicting the conditions and states of the Kama-lokic entity and admitting the possibility and ease of communicating with it, he utters a grave warning against such communication as the most dangerous form of sorcery.

Exceedingly interesting is the teaching of Paracelsus regarding the power of the imagination. He makes a distinction between the image-making power and phantasy. The image-making power is very potent, and can be used for both good and evil purposes, to heal others or to injure them. In *De Virtute Imaginativa* and in both the *Opus* and *Volumen Paramirum*, he describes the effects of the use of this power.

Thus we have seen that, according to Paracelsus, all organic functions are caused by the activity of one universal principle, Life. This principle acts swiftly or slowly, perceptibly or imperceptibly, tangibly or intangibly, normally or abnormally, supernormally or subnormally, according to the con-

stitution of the forms in which it is active. As long as the "character" of an entity is preserved, it acts in that entity as a whole; if the form be broken up, or "separated," it will manifest in other forms. If the activity of the life-principle takes place in a form in a normal and regular manner, without "obstacles," the state is called health. Paracelsus dwells on the state of "salus," wholeness or health, and the making of wholeness, the "Fac salvum" of the regenerative process, in *Philosophia Sagax*. And he lays emphasis on the state of "disease," which for him was in itself an entity.

This life-principle he calls the Archaeus. It is no material substance, but a spiritual essence, everywhere present but invisible. "The Archaeus, or Liquor Vitae, constitutes the invisible man" hidden in the visible man; it is the shadow or counterpart of the material body, ethereal in nature, yet possessing substance; it directs the growth, formation and dissolution of the form in which it is contained. As the image of a man is reflected in a mirror, so the form of the physical man is reflected in the invisible body (*De Generatione Hominis*). The Archaeus is of a magnetic nature; it is not enclosed in man, but radiates around him like a luminous sphere, and it can be made to act at a distance. Through these semi-material rays the imagination of man can produce healthy or morbid effects; this power may poison the essence of life and cause diseases, or may purify it after it has been made impure, and restore health.

All diseases, save such as arise from mechanical causes, have an invisible origin, but men who have not the power of "spiritual perception" are unable to recognize the existence of anything that cannot be seen, as Paracelsus declares in the *Paragranum*, the book in which he attacked the physicians of his day.

The Archaeus is thus the essence of life; the basis through which it acts, he calls Mumia, the vehicle of life. There is "invisibly acting vital power, and visibly acting mechanical force." The Mumia, the vehicle of life, is invisible; no one sees it depart at death; nevertheless it is a spiritual substance, containing the essence of life, and it can be brought back by "art" and revive dying forms, if their vital organs are not destroyed. In this sense the Mumia is the Arcanum, the true Elixir of Life, as Paracelsus writes in his book, *De Origine Morborum Invisibilium*. In this book, Paracelsus tells us that the Mumia can act directly from one living being upon another, or it may be connected with some material and visible vehicle, and be employed in that shape; in this, he anticipated Mesmer and his use of the "baquet." He says that man possesses a magnetic power which can attract certain effluvia of good and evil potency and quality, as a magnet attracts particles of iron. Thus from some vital substance a magnet may be prepared which will attract vitality; such a magnet he calls "Magnes Microcosmi." By this magnet, he says, diseases may be magnetically extracted from a person and transplanted into a plant, and the person may thus be cured. He adds that the Archaeus of the plant, or, in certain cases, an animal, is able to dispose of the vital germs of such diseases.

Paracelsus was well acquainted with the properties of the magnet (the "Bone of Horus") and its curative power; in his *Archidoxi*, and in the Sections "De Ente Dei" and "De Ente Astrorum" of the *Paramirum*, he describes a wonderful tincture, a medicine extracted from the magnet and called Magisterium Magnetis: "I have," he says, "discovered that the magnet, besides this visible power (of attracting iron), possesses another and concealed power." We may recall in this connection his researches into the use of Bismuth, from the ores of which Mme. Curie extracted the radioactive element Polonium, and also the modern uses of Radium Emanation dissolved in water, and the curative value of mineral waters in which Radium has been found in solution. To effect the solution of the hidden properties of the magnet (and other substances), Paracelsus claimed to make use of an Alkahest, or universal solvent; both Paracelsus and Van Helmont "maintain it to be a certain fluid in nature, capable of reducing all sublunary bodies, as well homogeneous as mixed, into their Ens Primum, or the original matter of which they are composed; or into an uniform, equable and potable liquor, that will unite with water and the juices of all bodies, and yet retain its own radical virtues" (*Isis Unveiled*, II, 50). Van Helmont says that "the Will is the first of all powers. For through the Will of the Creator all things are made and put in motion. The Will is the property of all spiritual beings, and displays itself more actively, the more they are freed from matter"; and Paracelsus adds that "Faith must confirm the Imagination, for Faith establishes the Will. Determined Will is a beginning of all magical operations. Because men do not perfectly imagine and believe, the result is that arts are uncertain, while they might be perfectly certain." These sentences suggest that, in one sense, spiritual Will is the Alkahest, the universal solvent.

A. KEIGHTLEY.

The true Past departs not: nothing that was worthy in the past departs—no truth or goodness realized by man ever dies, or can die.—CARLYLE.

STUDENTS' SCRAP BOOK

Sir Jagadis Chandra Bose

IT seems as if Sir Jagadis Chandra Bose were coming into his own at last. His appearance recently before the British Association for the Advancement of Science, at Oxford, following his triumph in 1920 when he was awarded the Fellowship of the Royal Society, will more than off-set the rejection of his papers by the same Society in 1901 and 1903, when he first presented the results of his investigation of plant response. His *Life and Work*, by Professor Patrick Geddes, published by Longmans, Green and Company in 1920, is a most interesting story. The scientific world was prejudiced against him originally, partly because he is a Hindu, and partly—as the Royal Society did not hesitate to say in 1903—because "his results were so unexpected and so opposed to current theories." He had an uphill fight, if ever a man had. But he had learned from his own experiments that "a plant carefully protected under glass from the stimulating buffets of the elements looks sleek and flourishing, yet in reality it is flabby. Its conducting power is found to be in abeyance. But when a succession of blows rain on this effete and bloated specimen, the shocks themselves create nervous channels and arouse anew its deteriorated nature." "And" he asks in one place, "is it not shocks of adversity, and not cotton-wool protection, that evolve true manhood? Thus we see how organism is modified by its environment, and how an organ is, as it were, created by the cumulative effect of stimulus" [or opposition]. Having learned that lesson, we may assume that he accepted the blows of life cheerfully; in any case he accepted them uncomplainingly, and with valour,—poverty included.

It appears that even as a boy, his hero was Karna, one of the great characters of the *Mahabharata*. Professor Geddes quotes him as saying:

"Karna! Karna! the greatest of all the heroes! Eldest of the Pandavas, he should have been the King; but he was more—the son of a great god. Floated away by his mother, he was found and brought up by the wife of a charioteer, who trained him to be the great warrior he was. From his low caste came rejections, came every disadvantage; but he always played and fought fair! So his life, though a series of disappointments and defeats to the very end—his slaying by Arjuna—appealed to me as a boy as the greatest of triumphs. I still think of the tournament where Arjuna had been victor, and then of Karna coming as a stranger to challenge him. Questioned of name and birth, he replies, 'I am my own ancestor! You do not ask the mighty Ganges from which of its many springs it comes: its own flow justifies itself, so shall my deeds, me!' Then later, when before the great battle his

mother reveals to him the secret of his birth, and tells him that if he will refrain from this contest with her sons—whom he now for the first time knows to be his younger brothers—she will answer for it that he shall be their chief, and reign as Emperor; he says, 'No! Those who brought me up are my true mother and father, poor though they be; and it is Daryadhana, King of the Kauravas, who has been my chief through life. I cannot change sides now. But this I promise you on your other sons, my brothers, I will not lay a hand, save only on Arjuna; but him I must fight to the end!' And then their battle! At Arjuna he aims his arrow, and would have slain him; but a defending god shakes the earth under his feet as he lets the arrow fly, and so it misses his enemy by a hairbreadth. Now the arrow was magical, though Karna knew it not; so it flew back into his hand and spoke to him: 'I was made to kill Arjuna; with my winged sharpness and your aim we are invincible: aim me once more.' But Karna threw it away, saying, 'I will have no advantage; I fight but in my own strength!' And so he took again another arrow. But this time the unfriendly god suddenly opened an earth-crack which swallowed Karna's chariot-wheel; he leapt down to lift it out, and as he stooped, Arjuna cut him down with his great sword; and so he fell, still defiant of his fate.

"This too," the passage continues, "was the hero I loved to identify with my own father—always in struggle for the uplift of the people, yet with so little success, such frequent failures, that to most he seemed a failure. All this, too, gave me a lower and lower idea of all ordinary worldly success—how small its so-called victories are!—and with this a higher and higher idea of conflict and defeat; and of the true success born of defeat. In such ways I have come to feel one with the highest spirit of my race; with every fibre thrilling with the emotion of the past. That is its noblest teaching—that the only real and spiritual advantage and victory is to fight fair, never to take crooked ways, but keep to the straight path, whatever be in the way!"

The experiments which fascinated the British Association seem merely to have confirmed Bose's earlier investigations and reports,—that plants have nervous, circulatory, locomotor and respiratory systems like those of animals, thus demonstrating one of the truths which Theosophists have enunciated in all ages. Many will feel confident that the Lodge must have helped him, whether he be aware of it or not. *The New York Times* reports his experiments at Oxford as follows:

"Placing the snapdragon [which he had plucked at random just before entering the lecture hall] in a tiny tray . . . he showed how his apparatus recorded, by a series of continuous lines, the action of the beating 'heart' of the plant, the lines being transcribed on a sensitized plate. Then, to prove that it was indeed a heart he had under observation, he moved the plant to another tray containing bromide. The plant immediately drooped and the 'writing' changed perceptibly. Then he moved it into a tray containing musk, which immediately revived it. He made further experiments with cobra poison and strychnine, obtaining even more startling results, which he declared proved

that the nervous reactions of plants are stimulated by certain drugs exactly as in the case of human beings.

"The hitherto unknown instrument revealed by Sir Jagadis today was designed by him for recording and measuring the rate of movement of sap or 'blood' in plants and studying how it is modified by the action of drugs which affect the circulation of the life force. When the circulation of the sap is stimulated by a drug, his recorder showed an upcurve, and when a depressant was used the struggle between the forces of life and death was clearly visible to the absorbed spectators. They saw the development of a crisis exactly as if the plant before their eyes were a sick human being fighting against death. Under the influence of one drug the record fell ever more rapidly; then, suddenly, under the influence of a stimulant, there was a curve upward, the plant seemed to be winning, and every spectator leaned forward in breathless excitement watching the plant's fight for life just as watchers around a bedside would take heart at the rally of a human patient. At last the stimulant won and the plant 'recovered,' to the delight of the watchers."

It is noteworthy that out of all the wisdom of the *Mahabharata*, Bose should select the idea of 'victory through defeat' as the most representative of its spirit. Is not the Way of the Cross practically the same thing? Could we have better proof of the underlying unity of all religions, when they are interpreted spiritually and not in their dead-letter sense?

X.

The earth-life is a dream rather than a reality. In this state, and previous to the discipline of education and the mystical initiation, the rational or intellectual element, which Paul denominates the spiritual, is asleep.—THOMAS TAYLOR.

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

"THIS is the anniversary—August 30th—of General Ludlow's death," said the Ancient. "What a loss he was to the Movement! He was one of its greatest assets,—a brilliant mind, a noble purpose, a generous heart, a dauntless courage, and, in addition, one of the most intensely alive people I have ever met. If he were living to-day, he would be over eighty; but it is impossible to imagine him as 'old' except in years, and I often think of him as confronting some of our present-day problems with us, and of the immense help his wide experience and clear vision would be. He was a devoted and enthusiastic member of the Theosophical Society from very early days—a loyal friend always of Mr. Judge—and his immense personal charm, which made him welcome everywhere, enabled him to make Theosophy equally welcome. Always he talked about it—in the Courts of Europe and at State dinner parties, as freely as at Branch meetings—and because he felt it to be the best news in the world, it would have been impossible not to have listened with sympathy, though in those days the prejudice against it was intense. His personality reminded me of a thorough-bred race horse—alive in every nerve, but beautifully under control. How I wish he were still with us, for eyes to see, and ears to hear."

"You know the story about him during the Spanish war, I suppose?" the Philosopher questioned; and then, when no one answered in the affirmative: "It was at the investment of Santiago. General Ludlow was in command of a Brigade. His men, advancing, were digging a trench under fire. To encourage them, he sat on the edge of the half-dug trench, in the range of the Spanish guns, as well as a target for the Spanish snipers,—and read *Light on the Path* aloud to them, 'doughboys' and officers indifferently! For him the book was inspired; for him it was tremendous in meaning and power. He perhaps felt at the moment that they all understood it with him,—and perhaps, at that moment, they did ! In any case they knew what he was doing—their General: he was not taking shelter in the rear, where he had every right to be; he was risking his life to cheer them along, to uplift their spirits, to share with them his superiority to death. No wonder that his daughter treasures that copy of *Light on the Path !*"

"Was he wounded?" asked the Student.

"No," the Philosopher replied. "He was in the forefront of the fighting, and some said recklessly exposed himself; at El Caney nearly all his officers were killed,—but in that war he felt himself to be invulnerable, and he was not touched. He lived another three years, and although he did not die in outer battle as he hoped to do, he died with flags flying and soul erect, I can assure you !"

"His daughter told me," said the Ancient, "that she had been celebrating the anniversary of his death by writing down as many of his admonitions or rules as she could remember. With our meeting this afternoon in mind I promptly asked her if I could copy them; and here they are. Shall I read them?"

"Please do !" the Recorder exclaimed. So the Ancient read as follows:

"Always to be courteous and gracious, to everyone, but with reserve. Never forget your dignity.

"To speak always in a low and well modulated voice. (Loud talking he abhorred.) *Never interrupt.*

"Never be an eager talker, and above all be a good listener. (This last, he said, was a great charm in man or woman,—an irresistible charm in a woman.)

"To be careful in English and the choice and use of words, and in accent and pronunciation. Never to use slang, and to be careful even with colloquialisms.

"Never to listen to flattery, nor to pay too much attention to what anyone said—save a *very few.*

"Never to ask personal questions, and to use discretion in commenting on information given you.

"Never explain. A woman is lost if she explains herself !

"Never to give yourself right and left to people. To go extremely slow. To trust only after much testing. Violent intimacies are vulgar.

"When a friend is made, to be as true as steel; and to stand like a rock behind those who serve you.

"Your friendship and your service should be something worth winning—and hard to win.

"To set a high price on yourself, and then to make yourself worth the price.

"To be sufficient to yourself, if need be, and to have no companions rather than poor ones.

"Always to do what is right. Never mind the consequences: they will take care of themselves.

"A man is known by the company he keeps; he is also to be known by the enemies he makes. A man who has no enemies cannot amount to much. He stands for nothing. The evil and the low *should* hate and fear you, as you them. To be a good hater, otherwise you cannot be a true lover.

"To mind your own business, and to keep your opinions to yourself. It is not often that anybody wants them !

"To eliminate curiosity, which is extremely vulgar.

"If you ever hear anything about someone's else affairs, to forget it instantly.

"Never to tolerate anything unworthy in your presence: to make everyone feel that such things are impossible there.

"Always to be cheerful and encouraging; to give people hope and to stimulate them. The less cheerful you feel, the more cheerful you should be. Never to spare yourself, your time, your strength, or your money, in service of others. Never to talk about your troubles, or your aches and ails. To try to ignore them to yourself. When you are suffering too much to be able to hide it, to shut yourself up in your own room until you have mastered it.

"No matter how afraid you are, never to let on.

"No matter how hurt you are, never to let on.

"If you cannot begin by being courageous, you will end there, by keeping these two rules.

"To be afraid of nothing except dishonour: there is nothing else to be afraid of.

"Never to neglect a duty; never to shirk a responsibility; to do either is dishonourable.

"To defend your principles and your honour to the last drop of your blood. They are the only things in the world that count.

"To loathe a lie above all things—and liars. To be *incapable* of such yourself.

"Never to flinch under a threat, not even from life itself.

"To obey instantly, without question, those in authority. You owe it to yourself.

"Never to forget that you are a soldier's daughter.

"Never to forget that you are a Ludlow.

"To be true to the colours.

"*Noblesse oblige.*"

"How those rules bring back the General," exclaimed the Engineer. "At least," he added, "to those of us who knew him. Yet I wonder what others will make of them, and what picture of him they will conjure up. The old order passeth, and the new knoweth it not,—and, by so much, the new misses something of eternal truth."

The Engineer paused; then continued: "Yes, and something it cannot afford to miss. Do you know, I don't think the QUARTERLY is doing its duty there. It is the official organ of The Theosophical Society, purporting to promote 'the study of ancient and modern religions' and to 'demonstrate the importance of such study.' It opens its pages to Buddhism and Confucianism and every known brand of Christianity, and even deems it necessary to comment upon such absurdities as Mrs. Besant's self-deceptions and Krishnamurti; but never a word does it say of one of the most 'ancient and modern,' yes, and one of the finest, religions of them all—the *religion* that such a man as General Ludlow was to those who knew and loved him, and to the men who served under him—the religion which every real leader is to his followers. I do not know what was the supposed and professed religion of the Carthaginians who followed Hannibal over the Alps, or of the tribes that Genghis Khan

led from one end of Asia to the other, and I do not think it much matters, for I wager that for all practical purposes—and in that I include most spiritual purposes—it was Hannibal and Genghis Khan themselves."

"Easy, easy," inter ected the Philosopher. "If you wonder what kind of an impression those maxims of General Ludlow's will convey to present-day readers, what picture of him do you think you will give by likening him to Genghis Khan, and making him out 'a little tin god'?"

"'Little tin god'! What did I say which could suggest that? There was not an ounce of tin, nothing cheap or common, in the General's whole composition; he was all steel and gold, will and heart and soul. And there was not a moment in which you did not feel his bigness—his extension beyond your sight, so that he opened gateways through which you passed into the limitless region of eternal principles of truth and force. I did not say he was a 'god' to his friends; though I might have said that his enemies sometimes tried to make him out a devil. I said he was a *religion* to them, and a splendidly fine religion at that. Surely we do not need to begin at the beginning, and make clear the difference between a god and a religion. A god is an ultimate, an end, a full stop. When you make of anything a god, your worship goes to it and stops there. You have reached your end; there is nothing for you beyond. That is why, from the beginning of time, gods, idols, have been forbidden to men. They mean death, not life. 'Thou shalt have no other gods but me'—the one God that is for ever beyond, and gives life because he is for ever beyond, for ever drawing man's spirit on to limitless expansion and growth. But when you make of anything a 'religion' your love goes out to it, but does not stop in it. It goes on, through and beyond it, to that from which it flows. You *embrace* a religion—you do not embrace a god—and in embracing it you embrace its content, its indwelling, quickening spirit, and make it your own. A religion 'binds us back,' back of itself to the heights from which it descends; a god holds us fast to the point where we make contact with it. That is why Christ is a religion; why Christianity, so far as it is true, *is* Christ; to worship *him*, and not some false image of him, compels the worship of his 'Father'; to know him and love him is to know and love the Father; it is to partake in Christ's own adoration of the Father. And so I say it is, on its own plane and in its own degree, with every real leader of men and every true father of a child. He becomes, he must become, if he is to fulfil his function, a religion to his men or children, something which draws out their adoring love and loyalty to him, and through and beyond him to that by which he is himself inspired. I tell you that that is the oldest and deepest and most fundamental religion in the world—the foundation upon which every religion has been reared. Unless we understand it, we shall never understand Theosophy or Christianity or history, or the relation of the soul of man to the Eternal. Without it, discipleship is an empty word; and the incarnation of Masters, of the great Avatars, as meaningless as it would be purposeless. And where we can learn to understand it, is where it has come within our own experience,—in the lives of the real leaders and the

real parents whom we have known, and in the response they have evoked from our own hearts."

"Suppose," said the Philosopher, "that we stick to one thing at a time, and come back to the General's maxims."

"They were not maxims," retorted the Engineer. "If I know anything about the General, they were *rules*, orders, military orders,—the Rule of Life by which he lived and insisted that all belonging to him should live. 'Maxims' are copy-book phrases, pious platitudes. The General did not deal with phrases but with facts . . . The point is that if we permit ourselves to think of them merely as maxims, abstract counsels of perfection, instead of as practical, every-day rules of conduct, which were rigorously enforced, we degrade them to a level where they are scarcely worth discussing,—either for their bearing on the education of children, or for the light they cast upon their author's character and on those qualities which command the devotion and obedience of men, no less than of children. As I said, the General was not concerned with phrases, but with facts. A principle, for him, was not a theory nor an abstraction; it was a compelling law of action. If a thing was the right thing to be done, it was to *be* done. That was all there was to it. And I believe it was in large measure the very simplicity of his attitude here, which made him the leader that he was. It was as though the completeness of obedience which he himself rendered to his principles, so filled and flooded his will with them, that when that will was directed toward you, you felt it as a kind of cosmic force—a compulsion of necessity, which it never occurred to you could be resisted or denied. Something like this must, I think, be the secret of all true leadership, all real command. Its power must be gained by obedience. It cannot originate in the commander, but can only be transmitted by him, its authority and compulsion descending through him from a higher source."

"Are you trying to tell us," asked the Student, "that such precepts as these were ever actually enforced, as military orders are enforced upon troops?"

"Yes," the Engineer answered, "that is exactly what I am saying,—and I speak with such positiveness about it, because I knew the General and had some experience with another set of his 'precepts'—those he had laid down for the engineers in his drafting room. When I first went there I saw a number of signs on the walls, reminding me of the mottoes that used to be worked in worsted, and which one still sees, occasionally, in old-fashioned rooms in the country; only these were lettered on boards. They struck me as rather quaint, in an army post. Over my own table the legend read, 'A Place for Everything, and Everything in its Place' a copy-book maxim, if there ever was one. It did not seem a particularly novel sentiment, until, a day or two after I had started work, I found the General beside me, asking me what I thought it meant and why it had been put there. I did not tell him—as I would have anyone else, had I told the truth—that I had thought it a blend between a pious hope and a counsel of perfection. I do not think I told him anything at all. But I can remember still how hot my face felt, as I started

to clean up the litter on my table; and from that day on, I saw that sign in a new light. It had ceased to be a 'maxim,' and had become an order to be obeyed, a working rule; and, whether you believe it or not, I could never look at that deal board, with its black letters—and I *had* to look at it, day after day, nailed there before me—without meeting again that blaze from the General's eyes, and feeling behind it, not only the General himself, but the whole Engineer Corps, and the U. S. Army, and the entire military hierarchy, stretching back to the dawn of history and up to St. Michael and his angels !"

"Humph !" The Student appeared sceptical. "I wish I had that board. I could use it when we read proof together."

"I wish I had it myself," replied the Engineer. "I wish I had the General; and to me, perhaps, that board would be the next best thing. I am glad you spoke of proof, for it brings back to my mind one of the 'Letters to Students' which I have been reading in proof for this coming issue. It deals, explicitly, with impersonality, but it should go far toward setting in its true light what some people have called the 'austerity' of our Movement, and revealing the warmth of heart that lies behind it. I wish it were possible to do the same thing for these precepts, and for the man who laid them down. I wish it were possible to set that man forth before our readers, so that they might see him as he really was,—see how lovable he was, what tenderness lay within his austerity. But above all, I wish that it could be made clear that it was his very austerity, the very severity of the demands he made upon himself and others, which won such devotion and trust and loyalty. I suspect I am blundering into platitudinous truisms, but it is a fact, and a fact which General Ludlow's life and character exemplify, that we do not win men, or children, by making small demands upon them, but by making great demands, which we enable them to meet and to fulfil. I do not think I ever knew a man who had more personal charm than General Ludlow,—genial, courteous, witty, an easy and delightful talker, able and willing to meet you on any ground, nothing foreign to the catholicity of his interests, always cheerful (though within himself he had to fight black moods of depression), always encouraging, and, over and over again, drawing from you something a little better than you had known you had to give. Charm? The spell of it is upon me yet—as fresh and undimmed as though it were but yesterday, instead of twenty-five years ago. It does not seem possible that it is twenty-five years since he died, and it shows what a fraud and delusion time is. I can see so clearly that erect soldier's figure, the mobile face, with its full eyes which could change so suddenly their light, and flash where a moment before they had smiled, or be as tender as a woman's in their solicitude and love. I can hear the tones of his voice, and the fulness of his laughter. But I have known other men who had charm—while you were with them—but whom, when you left, you forgot. You did not forget the General. Nor was it by his charm that he forged the strongest ties which held you to him. It was by what he evoked in you by his principles and his will. It was when you

had worked with him, night and day, to the limit, and beyond the limit, of your own strength, but had been enabled somehow to go on because he went on and you *had* to follow. Or when, under rifle fire, you wanted to lie down and grovel in the mud, but somehow did not and could not, because he stood erect. You may have hated him for it at the moment; but, when it was all over, you were eternally grateful to him for having compelled and enabled you to play the man and not the craven. It was what lay beneath the surface in the General, the inner quality of the man, which held and drew you, and which made him—I repeat—a religion to some of us. It was his own unswerving loyalty to his principles, and his indomitable insistence that they, and they alone, should rule, cost what it might. Through him, you were led to what inspired him."

"I think you are right," the Historian commented, "and it would be of value in many ways could our members of to-day come to know more of the lives and characters of their predecessors in the Movement. But it would not be easy to sketch a true outline of such a many sided man as General Ludlow. You would have to fill it in with detail. The piling up of adjectives defeats itself, for the second only blurs the imprint of the first; and if, on the other hand, you attempted a series of separate and distinct pictures, stories of different incidents in his career, illustrative of different facets in his character, you would have to make clear the unity they did not of themselves reveal. The boy on Sherman's staff in his march to the sea, the Indian fighter with Custer, the Engineer surveying the Black Hills of the Dakotas, and lighting the waterways of the Great Lakes—risking his commission and his future in fighting his Department and Congress, that it might be done right and not wrong,—it is not hard to see there the same man who stood with the very few who held steady the heart and nucleus of the Society through the psychic maelstrom loosed from Chicago in 1898. It is easy enough to follow the same man through the Spanish war and to see him as the Military Governor of Havana, cleaning out yellow fever and restoring order and obedience to law through enforcing respect for American authority; calmly imprisoning the labour leaders who had threatened a strike he had forbidden, and suppressing seditious newspapers in utter disregard of the outcry it raised against him, even in the American press and on the floor of Congress,—obeying his own principle of never minding consequences if the right course were clear. But it would take another chapter to deal with the author of the letters on Theosophy in the *Detroit Free Press*, or to picture him scouring Staten Island on a bicycle, when he had his headquarters there, to find and gather together scattered students of Theosophy, who could meet as a Branch, in his home. It would not be at all clear at first sight, I suspect, why he asked his Aides to learn Wordsworth's 'Happy Warrior,' as a preparation for their service with him, when he was assigned to report upon the military Staff organizations of Europe."

"I am not so sure of that," the Philosopher dissented. "It seems to me the unity is plain enough."

"Plain in the life of the man, and to those who knew him, but not readily made plain in a paragraph or two of the *Screen*."

"It should be clear in any case," said the Philosopher, "that a common obedience is the only thing that can hold men together in a common path and so make companionship possible to them. Without it they must wander apart and far afield. It is very simple, but it is often overlooked. Have you ever meditated on those words of the Master Christ? 'Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you.' At first it seems a strange way to define friendship, and many a man, I believe, has read into it a limitation upon the possibility of friendship with what is divine. But we can read it differently, and I think more truly, as expressive of that Master's craving that those whom he loved, and for whom he was laying down his life on the morrow, should become in fact his friends,—that they should companion him,—and so he points out to them the way, the only way, that this can be done. Read thus, it becomes profoundly simple. He was not holding them at arms' length, as inferiors; he was pleading with them to walk with him as a companion and an equal. It is true that the obedience asked of us is to our Master's commands; but these commands are those which he himself obeys; and therefore obedience to him is the way to union, and to communion, with him,—to communion as between friends. It is as though he were telling us the path that he will travel, so that we may join him on it. We cannot divert him from that path—it is the very essence of his being—but we can find and join him there whenever we will, and he pleads with us that we should. It must be the same on its own plane, it seems to me, with a father and a child. Obedience—though in the child it be obedience to the father—is something which, as the precepts of General Ludlow remind us, each 'owes to himself,' and therefore, once learned and become habitual, it disappears from the parental relation, save as something in which father and child share alike and which holds them together. It has become transferred in the child, to where it is rendered by the father, and they can thereafter walk together in a common path, guided by the same guide from within. In all essentials, I agree with the Engineer, though instead of saying that we cannot understand discipleship until we understand the relation that should exist between parent and child, I think I should reverse it and say that we cannot understand the parental relation until we understand discipleship."

"I shall not quarrel with you over that," said the Engineer. "We can never understand anything truly until we see it in the light of discipleship, and with the Master's eyes. But surely all right human relationships must reflect some aspect of discipleship, and be intended to aid us to understand better what discipleship involves. And therefore I still think that my first notion was a true one, and that the best key we have to the understanding of any religion lies in understanding the religion which a parent should be to a child and which he never can be if he be not himself the child of something greater than himself. This is what General Ludlow was. He was a child of

the Corps, of the Order, a son of the age-old tradition that is the birthright of the warrior caste."

We drifted to a consideration of the eternal question, What is wrong with the world? It did not take long to realize that it is impossible to generalize fruitfully, because of the differences between races and their stages of development; so we agreed to confine ourselves to the so-called Christian peoples. At once the Philosopher declared: "The greatest need of the Christian world at the present time is a better understanding of the Christian Master."

"The churches," he went on, "by over-emphasizing Christ's divinity, have exiled him from human life. They have so misinterpreted everything he said and did, as recorded in the New Testament; they have so effeminized his manhood, that if anyone were to try to imitate their picture of him, or were to base conduct upon their perversion of his precepts, the result would be disastrous, whether in business or in statesmanship. Have not many of them turned him into a Pacifist ! Instead of being accepted as a guide in practical affairs, it is taken for granted, even by men who are religiously inclined, that it would be hopeless to try to follow him in such matters; that it would be dangerous to 'confuse' the spiritual with the real, and that, while he undoubtedly is ruler of 'the world to come,' the affairs of this world must be settled on a basis of common-sense, and not 'idealistically.' In other words, the churches have convinced nearly everyone that Christ does not represent common-sense, but idealism, and that idealism, though doubtless very 'beautiful' (like certain hymns and other kinds of poetry), is far removed from common-sense.

"A conversation in the 'smoker' of a Pullman car, which I heard years ago, told the whole story. Most of the occupants were 'drummers'; one was a clergyman from some western city. Perhaps to show that he was 'a good mixer,' perhaps to parade his own cleverness, and possibly, in part, from the habit of 'boosting' his home town, he 'matched' some story with the statement that he had bought a house for ten thousand dollars and had sold it for fifteen within forty-eight hours. A contentious individual in the corner thereupon asked him if he thought Christ would have approved, seeing that Christ had told people to sell all that they had and to give the proceeds to the poor. The clergyman had not been looking for theological argument, but for admiration and mild envy; so he replied, lamely enough, that there is a difference between what is necessary for salvation on the one hand, and counsels of perfection on the other. Christ, he added, did not lay down rules for business, clearly stating that 'his Kingdom was not of this world'; Christ was concerned with spiritual matters only; he, the clergyman, had not cheated anyone, because the man who bought the house had known exactly what it had cost. The contentious person, with a mind as vague as the clergyman's about the rights and wrongs of the matter, and evidently lacking a text to hurl at his opponent's, did not know how to carry on the discussion, and therefore merely snorted; whereupon a good-natured person, disliking the

sultry atmosphere, tactfully rushed in with a question about the train's next stopping place; and that was the end of it. What a revelation, though, of how such problems are often discussed and 'settled'!"

"I think I know what you mean," said the Student. "I have a book, by Blosius, on the religious life—a book which I really value. It contains rules and meditations and prayers. One of the prayers, admirable in all other respects, begins, 'Jesu most sweet.' Now I can imagine a very little girl calling her father, 'Sweet Papa.' It would be dear and sweet of her to do it, and it would touch any man's heart, because he would see the reflection, or projection, of his child's sweetness, as well as an appreciation of his love for her. I think also that there are women who can properly be described as 'sweet'—very old women among them. But a sweet man ! No thank you !"

"On the plane of the mind you are undoubtedly right," the Ancient commented, "and I agree that it is likely to be misleading to use such a term of a Master; but we should not condemn Blosius on that account: he wrote from actual experience. We find what we seek. Further, a Master's nature being universal, the disciple is shown that which meets his own need. . . . I am not arguing against your point, but I should like to qualify it; for in my humble opinion, whatever sweetness there be in a child—or in an old woman—is a reflection of the divine sweetness which a Master embodies. The trouble is that people associate sweetness with softness, not realizing that, if the quality be perfect, it must necessarily co-exist with other qualities—such as sternness—which are very rarely found side by side in ordinary human nature."

"I confess," said the Historian, "that I am still more or less hypnotized by habitual interpretations of that Master's words. I find it immensely difficult to consider them on their own merits, so to speak,—that is to say, apart from the impressions left by sermons heard in childhood, left by religious books, and by the centuries of pious thinking which seems to adhere to the text. Only the other day an old student of Theosophy brought this home to me by speaking of Christ's evident exasperation with his disciples, citing the incident recorded by Mark in his eighth chapter. The Master had been questioned by the Pharisees, and 'he sighed deeply in his spirit.' Then it goes on: 'Now the disciples had forgotten to take bread, neither had they in the ship with them more than one loaf. And he charged them, saying, Take heed, beware of the leaven of the Pharisees, and of the leaven of Herod. And they reasoned among themselves, saying, It is because we have no bread. And when Jesus knew it, he saith unto them, Why reason ye, because ye have no bread? perceive ye not yet, neither understand? have ye your heart yet hardened? Having eyes, see ye not? and having ears, hear ye not? and do ye not remember?' The moment exasperation was mentioned, I could see it in his words: those poor men were so inconceivably stupid, so materialistic, so dense, that they must often have driven him nearly to distraction,—loving them as he did. Yet I have heard or read those words hundreds of times, and, so far as I can make out, the only impression they made on me was one

of general sadness and grief—part of the cloud of sadness which knowledge of his doom leaves over every incident in the Gospels. I realize that in my mental picture of the marriage at Cana of Galilee, the Master appears with a long, sad face. When I stop to tell myself that, apart from other considerations, it would have been bad manners, on such an occasion, to present that appearance, I try to correct my picture,—but for the life of me I cannot. I can see him, imaginatively, smiling at me *now*, amused by my efforts to make him 'look pleasant' *then!* Isaiah's 'man of sorrows and acquainted with grief' has so dominated my impression of him, that my natural, as distinguished from my cultivated feeling about him, is that it would be irreverent to think of him except as sad!"

"Unless I'm much mistaken," the Student commented, "you'll find most people rather shocked by the idea that he could be exasperated. What is worse, if they were to believe it, I'm afraid they would use it as an excuse for their own exasperation, because they would miss your point that his feeling, like every other feeling he ever had, would have sprung from love. It is very evident, for instance, that his intense hatred of the Pharisees sprang from love of those whom they injured and love of the ideal which the Pharisees ought to have exemplified. Sensitive and highly organized as he must have been, his courage could not have been due to lack of imagination, or to the intoxication of some passing emotion, as it so often is among men. Nor could it have been the result of a stern sense of duty, which holds many a man in place when he wants to run and which pushes him forward when he wants to stand still, but which never yet led a man to say, 'With desire I have desired to eat this passover with you before I suffer.' No; in him, love was stronger than fear, and love was the source of his courage,—a truly superb courage. That quiet statement: 'Behold, we go up to Jerusalem; and the Son of man shall be delivered unto the chief priests, and unto the scribes; and they shall condemn him to death, and shall deliver him to the Gentiles; and they shall mock him, and shall scourge him, and shall spit upon him, and shall kill him'! He knew these things were coming, yet 'he stedfastly set his face to go to Jerusalem. It was not to death only, or to torment only, but to insult and outrage and ignominy, with those who loved him, heart-broken, desperate, crushed. It is one thing to accept suffering for oneself; it is another thing to accept it for others. And that, I think, is the most amazing aspect of his courage: his ability *not* to save those whom he loves from suffering, and, instead, to cling to their real though submerged desire, even when they cry to him piteously,—O my Father, let this cup pass from me! He does, of course, as his Father did to him: he obeys the appeal of the soul rather than that of the personality; but at that point his courage becomes super-human. I have so often thought of Joan of Arc in that connection; how she trusted him to the last to save her; how he must have longed to do so; what it must have cost him to hold fast to her real desire, to their original plan, in face of that dreadful death and the torment which preceded it, and in face of the risk that she, in her personality, would lose her faith in

him and in herself when she realized at last that she was doomed. It is almost too much; it makes one sick to think of it. Yet, if one would understand anything of his courage and his marvellous self-control—both springing from the greatness of his love—it seems to me that one must include such considerations in one's picture."

"I suppose that many people would think it wrong to speak of him as ironica," said the Philosopher; "yet I venture to doubt if there be another such master of irony in the whole world's literature,—unless it were Buddha. Think of that reply to the Pharisees who had said, 'This man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them': 'I say unto you, that likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons, which need no repentance'! Did his disciples laugh? Not a bit of it. I feel confident that they sat there, as solemn as owls, wondering what he meant."

"Once more," the Historian volunteered, "I confess that the passage you quote never struck me as ironical—and clearly it was ironical to the point of being withering—until after I had studied Theosophy. I used to accept it as a statement of spiritual law, flat and colourless, sad but true,—a grey detail in the grey landscape of the Gospels. The truth is, doubtless, that I never thought about it, one way or the other. They were words which I had heard from infancy. As a small boy at school, I had heard them read, over and over again, on Sundays, while I played spelicans behind the shelter of an old, tall pew in our Parish Church. Then, they meant nothing; later, they meant something,—but so little that it was not worth talking about. They had a religious atmosphere, which fitted in well enough with other religious things, such as death and confirmation; but that there was anything human in them, or that there could be such a thing as a smile between the covers of the Bible, never entered my head. Christ was God, and when I ceased to believe in him as God, he ceased to exist. It was juvenile and irrational; but I believe that the world as a whole is juvenile and irrational, and that is why I drag myself into the discussion. The Philosopher said that the world has mistaken ideas. I say that the world has no ideas. We imagine that we have prejudices to overcome,—and sometimes they do undoubtedly exist; but in the vast majority of cases, especially in this country, people have outgrown their beliefs and have none, so that we are confronted with virgin soil."

"But hundreds of thousands of people go to church regularly!"

"I know they do; but many of them do so partly from habit, partly for the sake of appearances, partly to criticize the sermon and the service, and some from a sincere longing to find 'food for their souls, comfort for their hearts, satisfaction for their minds.' I do not deny that there are multitudes who are entirely satisfied and entirely set, whose ideas are erroneous, as the Philosopher has said; but I believe that the people with no ideas at all, by far outnumber them. Therefore I am in favour of trying to pass on the light that Theosophy throws upon the character and nature of Masters, and of the

Master Christ in particular. In other words, I agree with the Philosopher's main contention."

"One of the characteristics of that Master, shared, doubtless, by all Masters, I should find it exceedingly difficult to illustrate from the New Testament," the Ancient suddenly interjected. "At this moment I cannot think of a single passage or incident. I refer to his over-whelming gratitude for the smallest service, and to his amazing recognition of what might be called a debt of honour. Everyone who knows anything about him at all, must realize that he simply never forgets; that he will seek opportunity after opportunity to pay and to repay; that he has the finest, keenest sense of obligation, and that, in his generosity, he will find virtue and sacrifice in acts which we often know to have sprung in part from self-interest. Reference has already been made this afternoon to *Noblesse oblige* as a 'rule of life,' but it is in the Lodge only that perfect nobility exists, as the source and inspiration of whatever nobility we see around us; and the nobility of Masters, looked at from a slightly different angle, is seen to be humility—an almost unbelievable humility, a mere glimpse of which, lays the soul prostrate in adoration. The most marvellous thing in all this universe, I verily believe."

"The passage that occurs to me, not as illustrating but as stating your point," remarked the Historian, "is the last verse in the tenth chapter of Matthew: 'And whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward.' It seems to imply that there can be no limit to their gratitude for the least service rendered, not only to them, but to anyone who even remotely represents their Cause."

"Well," said the Ancient, as our meeting showed signs of breaking up, "our talk this afternoon has followed a natural sequence. We began by speaking of a man whose life in so many ways was a great and good example; we conclude by speaking of the Lodge, from which all greatness and all goodness flow. The visible is an intimation of the invisible. The strong and devoted love of a father or loyal friend, is a hint, as it were, of the far stronger and infinitely more devoted love of that heart in which the spirit of the Lodge —the Logos—manifests. Follow the visible back to its source, in imagination and feeling, and you will find your Master where you stand. The perfume of a rose should carry you to him,—unless you choose to see it as complete in itself, as an end in itself, instead of as the bottom of a trail dropped from heaven, and as an invitation to follow it back to the life from which it sprang. There, and there only, abides our peace. How strange that we permit this shadow-world to fill our brains with fever !"

LETTERS TO STUDENTS

December 2nd, 1906.

DEAR ———

Yours is one of the names with which I have been familiar for several years as a member of the T. S., and I have frequently sent you papers and letters, but never anything of an unofficial character. I, however, am a believer in correspondence as the next best thing to meeting and talking, and as that last seems to be out of the question, you must pardon me if I try to cover the ground as well as possible in this way.

We watch you in —— with great interest and great expectations, for you are alive, and that is more than we can say of all the members we have. You are constantly doing things, or trying to do things, and even when not entirely successful, the effort made always counts where it is important that it should count: on the inner planes, where all we do and say and think is watched with a solicitude of which we know very little.

Some day you will hit just the kind of thing that —— needs, and then it will be easier. To put it differently and more accurately, some day you will hit upon the best method of giving —— what it needs, for what it needs is clear enough. All places are alike in this; they need to have the truths of the Inner Life explained to them. They need to be shown that these truths are living, vital things which apply to our daily life, and the only way in which we can bring this home to people successfully, is to live that life ourselves, and to teach them by example. In that way we have an unlimited field open to us, and one which no amount of opposition can lessen or curtail. Nor do the circumstances of our lives, no matter how onerous they may be, prevent our working in this way to an almost unlimited extent. Practically all that St. Francis and many another saint did to found their great works and reputations, was to live the life. It was the force of their personal example which gained them their adherents and many followers.

This is a very comforting thought to me, in these days when outer organized work is so difficult, and seems to meet with so little success, and I dwell on it a good deal. I think it is a healthy thought, for it is apt to furnish the kind of spur we all need to keep us up to the mark. It is certainly a wonderful idea,—that if we were good enough and pure enough and consistent enough, there is no reason why we should not have such a great effect on the community in which we live, that five hundred years after we die people would still find inspiration in the contemplation of our lives. And if we fully fulfilled our obligations I believe such a result would inevitably follow.

With kindest regards to —— and ——, I am,

Sincerely,

C. A. GRISCOM.

May, 1908.

DEAR ———

How are you getting along, you and your two good friends? We like to hear from you occasionally, and it has been some time since any of us had a letter.

* * * * * * *

My mind has been running recently on getting into, and out of, ruts. We all have a tendency to establish a routine for ourselves, which, when it was established, may have been about all we were capable of carrying out, and we go on and on in this routine, satisfied with ourselves and thinking we are doing splendidly. Some day we awake to the fact that we have not accomplished half as much as we ought to have accomplished, and we feel that we have fallen behind in the procession. And we have. Constant renewal of our endeavours is the price of victory in occultism. We must never be satisfied with ourselves.

But the question is: granted that we have fallen into a rut, how to get out again? I think it is by sacrifice. Only by sacrifice can we attain the force which we need to raise ourselves. Sacrifice is the food which nourishes the spirit; sacrifice of the personality in some form or other. And it can be such a little thing! We can sacrifice our ease and make ourselves sit up straight, or do some simple thing like that. It is wonderful what is gained by it. Not only do we train our will and our attention, but it is an excellent training in the Recollection which is a prelude to perpetual Meditation.

All this does not mean that I think you or your friends are in a rut. I do not, but it is an almost universal tendency, and it is perhaps a phase of our life which you may not have watched with all the attention which it deserves.

* * * * * * *

With kindest regards to the others,
Sincerely,
C. A. GRISCOM.

October 25th, 1908.

DEAR ———

I believe you are an optimist; and it is a great gift! so cultivate it. An occultist has to be an optimist, for he spends his entire existence trying to help people who do not want to be helped; driving them reluctantly into Heaven, as one put it not so long ago. The opportunities for discouragement are almost as infinite as the number of people, for nearly everyone selects some new and original reason why he will not be good. So you do not know how encouraging it is to get a bright and cheerful letter, a letter which feels bright and cheerful as well as reading so.

We get good accounts of your work, and I hope it will continue to be as great a success as that which you have previously produced. It is good

work. You can have no idea of how good a work it really is; for it leaves your hands and is taken in charge by the Great Law, and can, and probably does produce remarkable effects, if we could but follow all its ramifications.

* * * * * * *

It is not often that we can trace the influence of what we do and say, but when we can, it makes us shudder at the responsibility which we, who know a little more than other people, continually bear.

I read with interest what you say about the law of rhythm and the aid it is to you. Sooner or later we all find some expression of truth which appeals most to our nature, which contains and explains the law of life to us. We must be careful, first, not to imagine, because it helps us, that it will be an equal help and revelation to others; and second, we must not allow it to absorb us to the exclusion of other ways of following the Path.

Remember what *Light on the Path* says: "The Way is not found by devotion alone, by religious contemplation alone, by ardent progress, by self-sacrificing labour," etc. "All steps are necessary to make up the ladder." Our development must be an all-round development. We must not omit even the development of our sense of proportion, our common sense. I am a great believer in common sense.

* * * * * * *

With kind regards,

Sincerely

C. A. Griscom.

February, 1909.

Dear ———

Some time ago I had the pleasure of receiving a charming letter from —— which was brought forth by a letter I wrote her. I have really no excuse for writing you save the desire to hear from you, and because I believe that, as we are unfortunately prevented by circumstances from meeting, the next best way of making closer the tie which binds us all together is by letter-writing. So I spend a large part of my leisure time in writing to our members all over the world, conscious that it is the fact of the letter, and not what I say, which does good.

We here in New York know you much better than you think. We also talk and think about you more than you know. There is a side of our Movement about which many people are entirely ignorant, and about which very little is said for fear of its degenerating into gush and sentimentality,—a warm, living, personal side, which is very real, and plays an important part in the actual development of each one of us. There is nothing more misunderstood than impersonality. It is not a cold and vague abstraction, eliminating all feeling and warmth, as so many take it to be. It is not a negative thing, a killing out of our affections, a trampling on our natural and spontaneous feelings. On the contrary, it is essentially positive and virile. Emphasis has

to be placed on its negative side at first, because we must rise above the limitations and selfishness of our humanity, above sentimentality, above ignoble expressions of divine things. But once above this lower plane, there is nothing cold or harsh or impersonal in the feelings which we must have for our Teacher, and for the other pupils of that Teacher. Nothing can be more tender and gentle and affectionate than these relations when properly expressed.

I think at times we overlook this warm and sympathetic side of our Movement. Unless we go deep into our own hearts, we, at times, find the work cold and our fellow-students unresponsive, because we are used to the effusiveness of the ordinary human relations; but I feel sure that there is a limitless reservoir of affection and sympathy which we may all reach and be aided by, if only we go about it in the right way. It is a side of our natures which will bear cultivation, for it is a power for good and an aid to helpfulness than which I know of nothing stronger or greater. But we must be sane about it as about everything else, and avoid all the extravagances which may be attached to everything under the sun. I believe that this "going out to others" attitude, this positive sympathy and desire to help, this affection and warmth, is a very real force which the Master can and does use in his work in ways of which we never dream.

Please give my kindest and warmest regards to —— and ——.

Very sincerely yours,

C. A. Griscom.

May 5th, 1909.

Dear ———

I was exceedingly glad to receive your letter of the 28th of April, although I am not glad to hear of the bad time you have been having. Do not let the promise to write for the Quarterly worry you. We shall be pleased to have the article, but the last thing I ever want the magazine to do is to add to anyone's burdens. Forget the promise until you are able to fulfil it.

May I deliver a little homily on things in general which seems to be more or less called out by your letter? Of course, as you yourself say, it is rank nonsense to say to oneself that we shall wait until conditions are more propitious before we really try to live the life. We shall never have more propitious conditions; our present conditions must be exactly those which we need, to draw forth the effort our nature requires for its development. The trouble is that we do not accept those conditions simply, but we add the burdens of to-morrow and next week and next year to those which we must bear to-day. This is the real secret of proper living,—we always have strength enough for the pain and trouble of to-day, but we often do not have strength enough for the troubles of to-morrow added to those of to-day. It is this confusion which leads to most of our breaking-down, and it is this confusion which leads to complaint and to bitterness. Not that I mean to imply that you show either, for you are, on the contrary, one of the most delightfully

cheerful persons I know. (This last sentence sounds absurd in view of the fact that, from one point of view, I have never had the pleasure of your acquaintance; but you know what I mean). You speak in your letter of being in arrears with all kinds of work. Very well, be in arrears, if that is necessary, and do not let the fact trouble you. You have still an unpaid loan. Very well, you are doing your best to repay it, you know that you will repay it when able, therefore don't worry or think about it. Put it out of your mind. Nothing you can do which you are not already doing will hasten the repayment, therefore you are not neglecting any duty by refusing to think about it or worry about it. The same thing applies to all other troubles and worries. Let the future take care of itself. It can; and we cannot take care of it. Live simply from day to day, or, better still, from hour to hour. Even physical pain is helped by this treatment. We can usually get along for the moment, but what weighs us down is the fear that we may also have the pain to-morrow and the next day. We do not know. We may be dead; but, if alive and still suffering, then with the pain will come the strength to endure it. The Master cannot, or will not, save us from the pain, but he can, and will, keep it from dulling our sensibilities, if we will let him. It is in this wise, naturally, that we prevent our condition from interfering with our inner life; that we can live that inner life in spite of conditions, whatever they may be.

* * * * * * *

That is the great appeal of Theosophy; it strikes at the root of all, instead of at some particular evil.

With kindest regards and wishes,
I am, sincerely,
C. A. Griscom.

Knowledge is the Treasure, but Judgment the Treasurer of a wise man.
—W. Penn.

REVIEWS

The Heart of Aryavarta, by the Earl of Ronaldshay. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston and New York, 1925; price $5.

The best standard of comparison for this exceptionally valuable book is the work of Fielding Hall, in his two volumes, *The Soul of a People*, and *The Inward Light*. Like these two books, it is distinguished by intuition and sincerity, by richness of feeling and warmth of colour, and by a lucid and attractive style. But Lord Ronaldshay has painted on a larger canvas and in a broader sweep; as Aide-de-camp to the Governor General of India, and later as Governor of Bengal, he had better opportunities to examine his complex and many-sided subject; and, sharing the keen and penetrating feeling which makes Fielding Hall's work so valuable, he has supplemented it with a force of pure intellect which gives his work an admirable quality of balance.

This is the last of a series of three volumes, its predecessors being *India: A Bird's-eye View*, and *Lands of the Thunderbolt*. And yet, though this book closes the series, its most distinctive part logically antecedes the other two, since it is an effort, at once intellectual and intuitive, to enter into and understand the soul of India, that ancient essence which formed and moulded India in the beginning, that quality which makes India more interesting and important to mankind than, let us say, an equal area of Siberia or Brazil.

In studying the soul of India, Lord Ronaldshay has not shirked hard labour. He has carefully read the *Bhagavad Gita* and has written a very attractive chapter on the qualities and limitations of that great scripture, as he sees them. He has done much more, he has plunged deep into the Vedanta philosophy, beginning with the *Brahma Sutras* of Badarayana and then ploughing through the many hundred pages of the immense Commentary on the Sutras, which is attributed to Shankara Acharya. And he draws an illuminating contrast between the letter of the Vedanta and the spirit, between the head doctrine and the heart doctrine. And, to make the subject more complete, he compares the strict monism of Shankara with the modified monism of Ramanuja. As the fruit of all this hard intellectual toil, Lord Ronaldshay gains a clear and intuitive grasp of a part at least of the soul of India, and a corresponding sense of its value to humanity.

With real insight and enthusiasm Lord Ronaldshay has studied the intellectual and emotional sides of the Vedanta; perhaps, now that his official work in India is completed, he may be drawn by his sympathy with the life of India to study the third side, the spiritual, as it is in part revealed in the great Upanishads and in the teaching of the Buddha. As we understand it, the essence of this spiritual teaching is this: illumination is to be gained not alone by keen intellectual insight, nor by devotion alone, but rather by something larger and deeper, which includes these and transcends them; namely, by spiritual growth which begins by making man immortal and ends, if it can be said to end, by making him omniscient. This spiritual increase of stature and power is made manifest in a series of finer and finer vestures, two of which are called by St. Paul the "psychical body" and the "spiritual body"; they are described more at length in the *Mandukya Upanishad*, with at least some hint of the states of consciousness and the transcendental powers which are the heritage of the soul, as it is clothed in each successive vesture; the teaching of the Buddha, as a practical way of life, reveals the same succession of vestures and the same expanded consciousness and power.

The thorough-going study of the Vedanta is not the main purpose of this book. That purpose is an effort to penetrate the meaning of modern India and to interpret the characters of the Indian leaders who have strongly influenced that life. There are full length portraits of many of these leaders, especially those who belong to Bengal, and they are all drawn with warm sympathy and a very generous intellectual appreciation. The thought of administrative India, so far as Lord Ronaldshay represents it, has travelled far since the cocksure, contemptuous days of Macaulay, ninety years ago.

There is also a methodical analysis of the present extension of local self-government to India, with a sympathetic and humorous insight into possible limitations of the honest, matter-of-fact British mind, in dealing with a problem and a people in some ways so remote. Peculiarly interesting is the analysis of the Constitution recently evolved by the orthodox Brahman state of Mysore. In that Constitution, two things stand out: the affirmation of kingship as an eternal principle; and the fact that, in the Mysore Assembly, provision is made for a representative to defend the rights of dumb animals. C. J.

Dialogues in Limbo, by George Santayana; Charles Scribner's Sons, 1925; price, $3.00.

Mr. Santayana, though formerly a professional philosopher, has never lost his native endowment of urbanity and humanism and humour. In the present volume these excellent qualities find ample expression. He has imagined the visitation of a "Stranger still living on Earth" to that dim underworld where in Dante's vision the noble Pagans hold converse. It is never clear whether Mr. Santayana is himself the Stranger, nor for the purpose at hand does it matter. One may agree or disagree with what is said; the significant fact is that the book leaves the reader in the possession of many pertinent reflections. Above all, it is rich in unanswered questions.

We quote at random from three of the dialogues, as the best way of conveying some of their charm and appropriateness.

Democritus speaks: "What would you ask of philosophy? To feed you on sweets and lull you in your errors in the hope that death may overtake you before you understand anything? Ah, wisdom is sharper than death and only the brave can love her. When in the thick of passion the veil suddenly falls, it leaves us bereft of all we thought ours, . . . walking dead among the living, not knowing what we seem to know, not loving what we seem to love, but already translated into an invisible paradise where none of these things are, but one only companion, smiling and silent, who by day and night stands beside us and shakes his head gently, bidding us say Nay, nay, to all our madness" (p. 57).

Avicenna says: "When they tell you that Allah made the world, and that its life and love are an emanation from him, and that quitting this life you may still live more joyfully elsewhere, they speak in inevitable parables; for in truth it is the pulse of nature that creates the spirit and chooses a few thoughts . . . and a few perfections . . . to which it shall aspire; and the special harmony which this vast instrument, the revolving world, makes as it spins is the joy and the life of God. Dishonour not then the transitive virtue within you, be it feeble or great; for it is a portion of that yearning which fills the world with thought and with deity, as with a hum of bees" (p. 192).

The Stranger tells Socrates of Christ: "The images and passions which bring illusion to others, although he felt them, brought no illusion to him. He had enough sympathy with blind life to understand it, to forgive it, to heal its wounds, to cover its shames, and even to foster it when innocent; yet that very understanding compelled him to renounce it all in his heart, continually draining his chalice to the dregs, and foreknowing the solitude of the cross. Thus the indwelling deity entirely transfigured without shattering his humanity, and the flame of love in him, though it rose and fell humanly as the miseries or the beauties of the world passed before his eyes, yet never had the least taint in it of impurity, moodiness or favour . . . The assurance of this divine love . . . became to many the only warrant of their worth, and lent them courage not wholly to despise themselves, but to seek and to cleanse the pure pearl in their dung-hill, on which his own eye rested, and not without reason to call him the saviour of their souls" (p. 146). S. L.

The Mystics of the Church, by Evelyn Underhill; published in "The Living Church" Series by James Clarke & Co., London, 1926; price, $1.50.

Miss Underhill has the rare gift of creating interest in a subject ordinarily considered by laymen as fantastic and unprofitable. Her books, all of which were recommended by the QUARTERLY in its July issue for summer reading, have reached a wide audience, and have induced a new understanding of mysticism and respect for mystics. Many of her readers feel under obligations not easy to calculate, for directing their thoughts and stimulating their interest, amongst whom the present writer—now venturing a review of her works for the fifth time—most gratefully places himself. Her art lies in adding to prolonged study and brilliant gifts of exposition, those farther reaches of insight which are only the fruit of a sympathetic understanding. Miss Underhill, if we may say so, is not a mystic, but her keen intellectual appreciation of what the mystics have written and experienced, seems to have brought her to the very border-land. The detached philosophical analysis of her first big volume, *Mysticism* (which undoubtedly served, and still serves, its purpose), has gradually been giving way to a warmer tone. We no longer find so much emphasis on "a passion for the Absolute," or that "mysticism is the art of union with Reality" (*Practical Mysticism*, a subsequent volume, p. 162)—spelt with capital letters. We no longer find locutions with Christ or with other members of the spiritual order, deprecated, or explained away in terms of modern psychology as complexes in the individual's own head. On the contrary, we find, first, that mysticism and mystical experience is the logical climax to a full development of our actual, existing faculties; next, we learn that a study of the Mystics of the Church involves "personal religion in its most intense form" (p. 5) because "mysticism represents the very soul of religion" (p. 10). Then we are advised to respect the tremendous consensus of testimony to mystical experience and the mystic's adventure or quest. "So long as we regard them as spiritual freaks, practising some intense and esoteric sort of religion opposed to what is sometimes called 'practical Christianity,' they will remain foreign to us; and we shall miss our share of that life and light, that special knowledge of God and of the soul's relation to Him, which it is their first business to bring to the world" (p. 14). Finally we are told that there are two types of mystic experience, and that "though not peculiar to Christianity," mystic experience "has taken within the Christian Church a special form which is not found elsewhere. There are, of course, two distinct but complementary currents in Christian feeling and worship. One is directed towards God, the Eternal and Infinite Spirit; the other towards His incarnate revelation in Jesus Christ. . . . Within that consciousness of God as the eternal and abiding Reality, which is perhaps *the* mystic sense, this type of religious experience apprehends the intimate presence here and now of a personal Love, identified by them with the Risen and Exalted Christ, and accepted as Master, Companion, and Helper of the soul.

"Christianity is unique among the world's great religions in this: that its Founder is to His closest followers not merely a prophet, pattern of conduct, or Divine figure revealed in the historic past, but the object here and now of an experienced communion of the most vivid kind. Christians claim that this communion has continued unimpaired for nineteen hundred years, and is the true source of the Church's undying energy. Those persons who have—in continuous succession since the first Easter—most vividly experienced this, have been the means of making the Church's loyalty to her Master a living thing. These people are properly to be called mystics." (pp. 22–3–4.)

We have here no apologies, no reluctance to accept the testimony of mystics on its face value, no ingenious psychologic theories to explain away the inconvenient fact of an *individualized* spiritual Order as opposed to a vague Absolute or all-permeating Reality. Historically, we are told, the two ordinary types of experience derive "the first through St. Augustine from Greek, the second through St. Paul from New Testament, sources. Psychologically they represent in their extreme forms the complementary reactions of two different types of mind to the grace of God." But, she continues in a notable passage, "the greatest and most truly characteristic of the Christian mystics, from St. Paul onwards . . . embrace in

their span *both* these aspects of man's fullest and deepest communion with Creative Love" (p. 25; italics ours).

Readers of the QUARTERLY will surely be reminded of certain expositions in "Notes and Comments" some years ago, of the efforts made by the Lodge, first through Greece (which failed), and then through Palestine, to prepare for the Incarnation of the Master Christ, whose special gift it was to bring a Divine Heart—a new reinforcement of Buddhi—into the world. It is of the greatest interest to study how the significant and distinctive contributions of each "line" of preparation, the intellectual and speculative Greek and the devotional and bigoted Hebraic, gradually became fused in Christian thought and experience during the centuries immediately subsequent to the Incarnation. This may be done in its "most intense" and spiritual form, in the lives and writings of the great mystics of that early period; and with these two streams ultimately blended, or collaborating, in types of Christian mystics, the reader can trace, with Miss Underhill's biographic sketches and commentaries as material, the contribution of successive mystics as the centuries unfolded—each individual reflecting one or another aspect of that Divine Heart with whom he or she was enabled to commune. From St. Paul, to whom is devoted a brilliant chapter, and from whose writings we are told "Almost the whole science of the inner life could be deduced" (p. 49), to "Modern Mystics" (Chap. XII) such as Borsi (died 1915), Charles De Foucauld (died 1916) and Lucie Christine (died 1908), a marvellously interesting panorama is unfolded, revealing effort after effort made by the Lodge, either through partly conscious agents, or willing if unconscious servants, to correct abuses in the Church, reinforce or redirect stumbling endeavours, and make new and inviting appeals to the inner life. We see and can study in the lives of the great mystics, *practical* aspirants to Chelaship,—who, sometimes just in the measure in which they fell short of a fully rounded occult training and experience, may on that account seem closer to us, and speak more directly to our own lack of understanding or vacillation of purpose.

Once more, the writer wishes to express his appreciation of Miss Underhill's work, and to recommend the study of her latest, together with her earlier books.

A. G.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUESTION NO. 323.—*When, in a general conversation, something is said derogatory of Theosophy, is it the duty of the student to declare himself, and to enter into an explanation in defence of his belief?*

ANSWER.—The duty of the student must surely be the brave declaration of principles. He need not of necessity enter into any lengthy explanation, nor attempt to straighten out the distortions of the speaker in detail. The assertion of the principle or of the facts involved, presented impersonally, with a "thus have I heard," is enough on most occasions.

A. K.

ANSWER.—How far one should go depends on circumstances. A simple statement, "*That* is not Theosophy but a travesty of it," may be all the situation calls for. If those present are interested, they will probably ask questions; if they are not, nothing is gained by trying to force an explanation upon them. It is rarely one's duty to appear to be discourteous. On the other hand, one should be willing to go as far as would be helpful, at any cost to oneself, in defence of one's principles or of those unjustly attacked. Common sense, courtesy, and a readiness to stand up for one's principles, make excellent guides. J. F. B. M.

ANSWER.—It is often possible to make a declaration of right principles by applying them to the particular points under discussion—referring to some well-known book or person as authority. In the measure in which the listeners are helped by such a declaration, they are partaking of the very thing about which they have been speaking derogatively. As is said in *Fragments*,—it is not a question of trying "to give our light to another, *but to illumine his own.*" G. M. W. K.

ANSWER.—Defence; yes—but as we make it, let us take care that in the ears of our hearers it does not rhyme with pretence or offence. Hotly to disagree with slurs upon Theosophy, may be a relief to our feelings, while going counter to our principles. Often the pseudo-Theosophy which is under condemnation well deserves the derogatory remarks made about it. We had better agree that such beliefs and practices are unworthy intelligent consideration—reinforcing the points made by the other speakers with more cogent reasons for them if we can. Then we have laid a foundation for asking,—"Why do you call *that* Theosophy? In the books on the subject which I have read I never encountered such nonsense as that. The views of their authors seem to me directly opposite." How much further one should go would depend on whether one found a hearing. E.

ANSWER.—It is seldom our duty to try to convince others of the correctness of our beliefs; but most students of Theosophy consider it their bounden duty to defend Theosophy and the T. S. from unjust attacks or criticisms. Our ability to do this must depend largely on our understanding of theosophic *principles*, and our ability to enunciate them; also on our having some knowledge of the actual history of the T. S. C. M. S.

ANSWER.—Before the T. S. measures its second fifty years, the day may come again when the defence of Theosophy will require *courage;* at present *understanding* appears to be the chief need of its would-be defenders. Often when outsiders "pronounce" upon Theosophy,

pro or con, it is to them merely a topic of conversation; and they seek, not information, but an audience—there is no unoccupied space on their platform. Argument is of no avail, but a few quiet questions, as to the source of their statements, the books they have read, etc., will disclose their angle of interest, if there be one. Usually there is some book, or some article in the QUARTERLY, to which we can refer as having given us a very different view of Theosophy from that just expressed; we can state who the author is and why we consider him specially qualified to discuss the subject, which we feel will repay careful study. Doubtless there are marked occasions on which the loyal defence of Theosophy may require us to denounce those who vilify and degrade its name,—and then let us do it thoroughly. A. B.

QUESTION NO. 324.—*When we are told to concentrate on whatever we are doing, in order to train ourselves in concentration, is that to be taken literally? If one's daily work happened to be mechanical and monotonous, why should one not enliven it by recalling favourite poetry, provided the work were still well done?*

ANSWER.—Yes, literally, if one's desire be to master concentration. A child learning to play the piano has to concentrate on his fingers until they are somewhat trained, and when their action has become automatic, he can concentrate on interpretation and expression. Granted a sincere desire to perform a task to the best of one's ability, how could it become "monotonous"? After long practice, the proper performance of some tasks may require the concentration of only the lower strata of the mind,—and in such cases it may be possible, without disturbing that concentration, to repeat poetry or some favourite passages from the *Gita* or other devotional books. But are we wise to be content with giving attention to the outermost rind of a daily duty? Most of us need to see deeper into the purpose and meaning of our duties, need to find our Master's will in them, rather than to seek diversion in the midst of them. Keble's lines suggest an attitude which would tend to dispel any thought of monotony:

> "If on our daily course our mind
> Be set to hallow all we find, . . .
> The trivial round, the common task,
> Would furnish all we ought to ask." M.

ANSWER.—By concentrating on a comparatively small and familiar occurrence, Newton discovered the universality of a great law. By taking literally the suggestion to concentrate on whatever we are doing, we may not only acquire concentration, but also come to see how the infinitely great is contained within what may have seemed infinitely small.

G. M. W. K.

ANSWER.—We know of one man who had the habit of thinking "beautiful thoughts" while he was shaving. When they became more than usually beautiful he almost invariably cut himself. Therefore he has concluded, intellectually at least, that the Good Law which orders all things has provided one time for poetry and another for shaving. We are inclined to think of every moment as necessarily involving a mechanical and monotonous task, but Nature is lavish of her moments. There are "idle" periods during every day, when we are freed from the necessity of any physical action except that of breathing. With what substance of thought do we fill these periods. Do we recall a poem?—or something else? D.

ANSWER.—It is a question of common sense. When our work calls for continuous, rapid effort, and also for meticulous attention to detail, it is obvious that any diversion of attention will probably impair the quality of the effort—hence uninterrupted concentration is essential. Yet at such a time we are by no means out of touch with the spiritual world, for we are drawing unconsciously upon the stored-up results of previous meditation and aspiration. We also have opportunity to make an offering of our best effort to those Powers which inspired us. No matter how active one's work may be, there are sure to be brief periods of slowing-up, and at such times we may retire within ourselves, for the moment, and find, in whatever way is most helpful to us, the needed strength and reinforcement. C. R. A.

ANSWER.—The seeker for Union does well to suspect any practice that follows worldly methods. Every day we see that each worker's task is being made as nearly automatic as

possible, in the interest of so-called "efficiency," while the workman clamours for ever shorter hours, that he may give just as few as possible to it. Diametrically opposed, this, to the aim of the disciple, who wishes to transform every least automatic action into an offering (to his Master) by putting purpose within it; mining deep within each duty to find its full meaning. E.

QUESTION NO. 325.—*When, in the performance of any act, I tell myself that I am doing it because it is there to be done, and that I must instantly resign interest in the result, I feel that I am "making believe"—imitating the Christian Scientist who says he has no pain when he has. What is needed to reconcile my feeling with my mental acceptance of the truth?*

ANSWER.—This is surely a matter of "right self-identification." Who is the "you" that is acting, or resigning interest? If one recall the injunction of Krishna to Arjuna, "Think of me, and fight," and apply it to all actions, whether those of business or of hours of leisure, the right point of view will become entirely clear. The real interest should be turned to the accomplishment of the act, that it shall be done for purposes of soul, and not for the personality. Emerson says that the "Universe exists for the soul's experience." If you act from a level lower than that of the purposes of the soul, you are acting for your personal self: then indeed you *are* "making believe." But your acceptance of the truth must result in living the truth. Then will come the awareness that acting for the soul in all things frees you from personal concern in your actions: your interest will be transmuted into a burning ardour that the work shall be done, perfectly done, without relation to you that are doing it. A. K.

ANSWER.—An understanding of the significance of the word "result," may help to solve the problem. We should do our work as well as we can, for many reasons. When it is finished we should turn our thoughts to something else, not brooding over what we have done, whether with irritation or self-gratulation or other emotion, nor wondering whether *we* shall be praised or blamed or merely ignored; in other words, not wondering what our reward—the "result"—will be. We must learn to be "impersonal" regarding our actions; this takes time and sustained effort. C. M. S.

ANSWER.—In St. John's Gospel, chapter 5, verse 30, we find these words of the Master Christ, "because I seek not mine own will, but the will of the Father which hath sent me." Here is truth, here is detachment. Begin by making sure that the reason for the act is not *self*-service. Then it will not be necessary to "make believe" in trying to resign interest in the result, for *detached* interest will follow, from the reason prompting the act. W.

ANSWER.—It is not a question of *telling* oneself something, but of *doing* something. Do not, therefore, tell yourself that you are doing it "because it is there to be done," or that you have "no interest" in the result. Try, instead, to *do* it because it is there to be done, irrespective of result or personal reward, seeking, so far as you are able, to substitute a good and selfless motive for a selfish one, as a man may gradually shift his weight from his left to his right foot. You can safely trust your feeling that nothing is gained by telling yourself that you have succeeded. Realize, instead, that you have not succeeded, that your motives are far from pure; and keep on trying to purify them, as an artist realizes how far his painting is from his ideal, but keeps on striving to attain it. J. F. B. M.

ANSWER.—You will not be "making believe" if you try to identify yourself with the soul. In the last analysis, "soul" is all that you are; since personality is but reflection and illusion. The Christian Scientist would, doubtless, be correct in his statement, if he were really speaking for the soul. He leaves an impression of lying to himself and to others, because he pretends that he has no physical nature, and denies the actuality of a state of consciousness. He is certainly not resigning interest in any result, nor does he take the least trouble to discover whether the soul may not have itself caused the pain of the body as the only possible means of externalizing some evil. But the man who tries to resign interest in the result of an act, does not deny that in part of his nature he continues to be interested. He simply affirms that in his real nature he is not interested, and that he intends to transfer his sense of self-consciousness to the higher centre of his being. S. V.

T·S·ACTIVITIES

An Omission

We regret that the following Letter of Greeting was omitted by accident from the Convention Report in the July issue:—

To the members of The Theosophical Society in Convention assembled,—hearty sympathy and greeting. May the Convention contribute to radiate the Spirit of the Lodge in increasing degree, in order that mankind suffering under its burden, and especially the German part of mankind, may be shown the way of salvation.

Luise Bethge
Ida Scheerer
Otto Scheerer
Otto Bethge

The following letter has been received from a valued member of The Theosophical Society, Mr. Gustav A. Fjoestad, of Sweden:

The Cause of the War as Seen by a Neutral Mind

To the Leaders of The Theosophical Society:

Because of the "No" which was given to the German Theosophists by the last Convention of The Theosophical Society, when they asked for re-entrance into the Society, I feel myself obliged to raise the question whether it is quite right for me and other Europeans, who are not convinced of Germany's absolute responsibility for the war, to be permitted to remain in the Society.

I have admired neither the recklessness of the North-Germans or the Prussians, nor "der Kaiserthum" with "Deutschland, Deutschland über Alles," yet I cannot be blind to the existence of the same thing in other European nations, even if it is more concealed by diplomacy, and is less brutal.

I cannot help the fact that I have less sympathy for the educated and intelligent, who can launch a crime as if it were a great achievement, than for the brutes who do not understand the way in which men are condemned [or, the reasons for which men are condemned], and, for these or similar crimes, are condemned and hanged. And after all, when the final sentence regarding those who were responsible for the war is pronounced *by those who know*, if Germany is condemned to be stoned to death, this question will ever remain: which of the other European countries have not the same, or worse, elements in their history? Who is pure enough to cast the first stone?

Do you believe that France would be willing to admit that their great Emperor Napoleon was guilty of nearly the same thing, and worse?

The German invasion of Belgium was a rude and brutal act, against all human rights. I have heard Germans themselves admit this, in spite of the fact that they know that England had arranged by treaty for free passage through Belgium for her troops, and that the

war was determined in St. Petersburg, when Poincaré was there, by him and the Grand Duke Nicholas, contrary to the will of the Emperor, yes, and that the Russian mobilization was even begun before the visit of Poincaré. All this was before the German invasion of Belgium. This is also verified by documents taken by the Soviet from the Russian secret archives, and England herself cannot deny the treaty between Belgium and England.

After all this, Germany's absolute responsibility for the war is no longer tenable, and for the conduct and incitement of the war; and the relative innocence of Germany has, therefore, been permitted to become an open secret. Because of this, we can, perhaps, understand the kind and gentlemanlike policy of England, as well as America, toward their former stricken enemy.

If Prussia, or, still worse, Russia, had been the victorious nation, it would surely have been the most horrible thing for Europe; and the fact that the Russian system was totally broken down, to be rebuilt in time on firm ground, in spite of the fact that Russia was on the side of the victors, shows perfectly that the Lodge was guiding this great cleaning of Europe; that the question was not only "to win the only good, slay the only bad."

My purpose in saying what I have said here is to make clear the motive for my view in this question, and not at all to force it on others, or to condemn a different way of thinking. I have been so often mistaken that I have come to know that what outwardly appears right may, because of an inner, hidden motive, be wrong.

The views expressed in the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY have not succeeded in convincing me that many horrible things said about Germany during the war, are not the result of war mentality and the perverted views of war lies.

Here, in neutral Sweden, we were not flooded with war lies, with their baseness. We received the news of the outrages as a rule directly and uncoloured, from the places where they were committed, and the dreadful doings of Russians and Finns were never, as in the Entente press, transferred to the Germans, even though we had newspapers very friendly to the Entente.

Because of this, we were informed of things that happened on both sides, and therefore I believe that we in Sweden got more trustworthy information of what was really happening, than the fighting countries themselves. My opinion, so insignificant before the great whole, is that here in Europe so many awful things existed on both sides, that only an omniscient and all-wise Divinity could decide where absolute responsibility and right are to be placed. To try to form an opinion is my duty, but how should I dare condemn or blame?

My heart loudly affirms that the real reason for the war is not to be sought in a particular country, but in the dreadful atmosphere that all of us here in Europe have helped to condense, to the point of explosion. If those who have not been free from egotism and hate in their lives before 1914—I myself in no wise excepted—are neither outwardly nor inwardly able to condemn Germany and the Germans, I once more ask whether the condemnation falls on me also, and on all here who hold the same opinion as I?

Even though the condemnation of the Society should fall on us, the Society can nevertheless be sure that I have gained from it and from the Leaders the most worthy and beautiful thing that I have met with in my life. Yet before all, nothing in my life has given me so much confidence in Theosophy and the teaching, as H. P. B.'s humble and public admission that she could make a mistake, and, more than that, the Masters too admit that they may fail.

This seems to me the height of true humanity; yes, it seems to me almost to be Divine.

Perhaps I too have been mistaken; in that case, I should be happy to get knowledge first, and afterwards judgment.

Wishing this, I always remain gratefully yours,

(*signed*) G. A. FJOESTAD.

Arvika, Sweden, August 14, 1926.

As the foregoing letter does not call for official action or comment, the members of the Executive Committee who reside in New York have forwarded it to the editors of the THEO-

SOPHICAL QUARTERLY for reply, with the request that we express their sincere appreciation of the spirit in which Mr. Fjoestad writes,—a feeling which we completely share.

The issue raised, as we see it, is fourfold:—

(1) Was Germany responsible for the war?

(2) Did Germany deliberately break her pledged word when violating the neutrality of Belgium and when initiating the use of poison gas?

(3) Was Germany's conduct of the war inexcusably barbarous?

(4) Is it true that Germany has shown no signs of repentance?

At the Convention of The Theosophical Society as reported in the last (July) issue of the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, the delegates present answered these questions, directly or indirectly, in the affirmative.

Mr. Fjoestad, if we understand him correctly, answers the first question in the negative; answers the second and third with excuses for Germany, and ignores the fourth question.

It is unnecessary to discuss the fundamental point involved, namely, Is it a duty of members of the Society to form an opinion on these subjects? because the writer of the letter himself says: "To try to form an opinion is my duty." He adds—and here we cannot follow him—"but how should I dare condemn or blame?"

If it be our duty to form an opinion, as a judge, or as a member of a jury, the facts may also make it our duty to condemn or blame. If we were to refrain from doing so, in spite of the facts, on the ground that we ourselves are not perfect, we should be failing in our duty and betraying our trust. Further than that, it may be our duty to condemn the public acts of public men,—a duty we owe to society, and, above all, to Theosophy. In brief, it is illogical, as we see it, to hold that it is a duty to form an opinion, and at the same time to hold that it is uncharitable to form any except a favourable opinion. Our sole concern is with the facts

In the case under consideration we differ from Mr. Fjoestad in regard to the facts. It is evident to us that he has been misinformed, while he appears to have forgotten something that we are not likely ever to forget,—that this country also was neutral during the greater part of the war, and that throughout those terrible years of neutrality our newspapers were flooded with German propaganda. That is why more than one of his statements are so familiar to us. Has he attempted to verify them? Has he gone to original sources? What evidence has he that,—

(1) "England had arranged by treaty for free passage through Belgium for her troops" (which England herself "cannot deny")?

Under this head we venture to remind him that England, with Prussia and France, had guaranteed the independence and neutrality of Belgium in 1839; that this had been reaffirmed in 1870 by the German Empire, and that the military authorities of England and Belgium had frequently conferred about possible defensive measures in the event of attack either by Germany or France. To what else does Mr. Fjoestad refer?

(2) "The war was determined in St. Petersburg, when Poincaré was there, by him and the Grand Duke Nicholas, contrary to the will of the Emperor."

What evidence is there for this? Has Mr. Fjoestad read what M. Poincaré himself has said on this subject? Surely the accused should be granted a hearing.

(3) "The Russian mobilization was even begun before the visit of Poincaré" [July, 1914].

Again, what evidence is there for this? Does Mr. Fjoestad believe that Germany, with her elaborate spy system, knew nothing of it at the time, or that, knowing about it, Germany made no protest?

(4) "Napoleon was guilty of nearly the same thing, and worse."

Where and when? We do not hold a brief for Napoleon, but it is agreed that our opinions should be based on facts, and our own reading of history does not confirm Mr. Fjoestad's statement. Even if it did, we suggest that barbarities of a hundred years ago would not justify, and should not prevent the condemnation of, the barbarities of our own epoch. England was in large measure responsible for the burning of Joan of Arc; but the public men of England, without exception, for many generations past, have deplored that barbarity, while

the English people think of it with deep regret and shame. In that sense, England has repented of her sin.

If Mr. Fjoestad will refer once more to the Report of the last Convention, he will find the substance of the whole matter expressed in these words: Germany "declared herself to be ruthless; she proved herself ruthless. And at no time has she officially or otherwise even claimed to be repentant. This is the point: she has never admitted that she was in the wrong; she has never expressed sorrow for the unspeakable evils she perpetrated. No one can dispute that fact. And the principle is equally clear: 'If thy brother trespass against thee, rebuke him; and *if he repent,* forgive him.'"

We shall be glad to publish Mr. Fjoestad's answers to our questions.

All of us are inclined to accept statements as true, merely because we have heard or read them over and over again. To be asked to produce the reasons for our resulting belief, is perhaps the only way in which we can be helped to think, and thus to discriminate between the true and the false. We believe that our friend has been misled about the war, and that other members in Sweden are in the same predicament; but we believe also that he and they must desire the truth above all things, and we publish our questions for that reason,—solely in the hope that they may be of service to those who are fellow-members and sincere students of Theosophy.

Their position in the Society is in no way involved. They have offended against none of its rules or principles. Unanimity of opinion is not required, neither is it always desirable. If an American delegate at the last Convention had voted against the majority, on this or on any other subject, it would not have affected his standing in the least. We beg to remind our correspondent that Mr. Julin did not agree with us, but remained an honoured member and a loyal friend to the day of his death.—*Editors.*

Reading Courses

Those who are just beginning to study Theosophy must often wish for some guide in the selection of books, some outline which they may follow so far as it prove useful to them. Certainly no one list could be serviceable to all. The lists we print were contributed by members who frequently are asked to recommend books. It is hoped that others will suggest additional lists—sending them without further request to the Secretary T. S. If those who are puzzled over what to read would also send us their questions—indicating the kind of list they desire, and what they want to know about the various books recommended—a very interesting symposium might result.

List No. 1

Philosophical

The Inward Light, Fielding Hall

The Creed of Buddha, Edmond Holmes

The Introductions to Charles Johnston's renderings of *The Song of Life; From the Upanishads; Patañjali's Yoga Sutras; The Bhagavad Gita* (with Book II, slokas 1–25, Krishna on Immortality)

From the Theosophical Quarterly: April, 1905, "The Unity of Religions," Mrs. Keightley; "Mysticism," John Blake; July, 1906, "The Basis for Ethics," John Blake; October, 1906, "The Sevenfold Universe," J. S.

Practical

From the Theosophical Quarterly: April, 1904, "The Whisperer," Jasper Niemand; January, 1908, beginning "The Religion of the Will," Charles Johnston; October, 1908, "Natural, Psychical and Spiritual Bodies," Charles Johnston; April, 1909, "The Ascent of Prayer," Jasper Niemand.

Meditation, H. B. Mitchell

Talks on Religion, H. B. Mitchell

List No. 2

1. *The Theosophical Society and Theosophy*, by H. B. Mitchell. All subsequent reading should be done in the light of the principles laid down in this pamphlet.

2. The spirit and life to which Theosophy leads, is set forth in the following devotional books: *Light on the Path; Through the Gates of Gold; The Bhagavad Gita; Fragments.*

Whichever one of the above books appeals the most strongly to the individual student should be read, re-read and studied. In general, beginners and new members should read what appeals to them and put aside what does not appeal, to await growth of understanding. The attempt to force oneself to read certain books too soon, merely results in misunderstanding of them. On the other hand, older members should make themselves read what they find difficult, in order to develop that side of their understanding.

3. With these should be read *The Ocean of Theosophy*, by W. Q. Judge, for an outline of the Theosophical philosophy.

4. Back numbers of the QUARTERLY. Beginners will find the "Elementary Articles" and the many articles on "Why I joined the Theosophical Society" particularly informing. There is also in the July number of each year a report of the public lecture on Theosophy, given at Convention time. Reading the QUARTERLY is the best means of getting the spirit of the Theosophical Movement, and the articles cover a wide range, scientific, historical, philosophical and devotional. In the practical conduct of the art of life, C. A. Griscom's "Letters to Students," and John Gerard's "Letters to Friends," are especially helpful, giving many suggestions for self-mastery.

5. Western students should read the philosophy of the East. Good books to begin with are Charles Johnston's *From the Upanishads*, and the *Song of Life*. There are many valuable translations of Eastern scriptures in the QUARTERLY.

6. The *Idyll of the White Lotus*, and *Letters that have Helped Me*, should come early in any course of Theosophical reading.

List No. 3

The Theosophical Society and Theosophy, by H. B. Mitchell; *Light on the Path; Voice of the Silence; Bhagavad Gita; Letters That Have Helped Me; Through the Gates of Gold; Fragments*, 3 volumes; *Ocean of Theosophy; Five Years of Theosophy.**

Also back numbers of the QUARTERLY, and of *The Path;* as well as of *The Theosophist* and *Lucifer*, up to 1891.

Later should come advanced reading, with Madame Blavatsky's *Key to Theosophy*, and *The Secret Doctrine;* as well as *Esoteric Buddhism* and *The Occult World*. But these books cannot really be understood without the earlier reading, which gives them proper background and perspective in the midst of the mass of misunderstanding and misinterpretation that has accumulated in these later years.

From then on, all theosophical literature is useful, and the student can easily choose his own, for by then he will have mastered the view-point which, intellectually speaking, is the essence of Theosophy, and the world's literature becomes his theosophical library.

MEETINGS OF THE NEW YORK BRANCH T. S.

The meetings of the New York Branch will be resumed in the late fall. Printed notices, giving the address, and the dates throughout the season, will be mailed to all who send their names to the Secretary T. S. Out-of-town members of the Society are invited to attend these meetings whenever they are in New York, and visitors who may be interested in Theosophy are always welcome there.

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* *Five Years of Theosophy*, long out of print, has recently been reissued. Price $3.50.

STANDARD BOOKS

Blavatsky, H. P. Isis Unveiled, Vols. I and II	cloth,	$10.00
Key to Theosophy	cloth,	2.50
Secret Doctrine, The, Vols. I and II and Index	cloth,	17.00
Complete in one book, without subject-index volume,		7.50
Theosophical Glossary	cloth,	3.50
Transactions of the Blavatsky Lodge	cloth,	2.50
Voice of the Silence	cloth, .85, leather,	1.50
Cavé. Fragments, Volume I	boards,	1.00
Volume II	boards,	1.00
Volume III	boards,	1.00
Gerard, John. Letters to Friends	boards,	1.75
Hillard, Katherine. Abridgment of the Secret Doctrine	cloth,	3.00
Johnston, Charles. Bhagavad Gita	Translated, annotated; cloth,	1.25
	limp leather, India paper,	1.75
Crest Jewel of Wisdom, The	cloth,	1.25
From the Upanishads	paper,	.50
Parables of the Kingdom, The	paper,	.50
Patanjali's Yoga Sutras	Translated, annotated; cloth,	1.25
Song of Life, The	paper,	.75
Judge, William Q. Bhagavad Gita	Edited; cloth, .75; leather,	1.50
Culture of Concentration	paper,	.10
Echoes from the Orient	cloth,	.60
Letters That Have Helped Me, Volume I and II, each	cloth,	1.00
Ocean of Theosophy	cloth,	1.00
Patanjali's Yoga Aphorisms	cloth, .75; leather,	1.50
Keightley, Archibald. Spiritual Life, The	paper,	.20
Theosophy as an Influence in Life	paper,	.20
LaDow, Stanley V. Plotinus	paper,	.50
Mitchell, Henry Bedinger. Meditation	paper,	.30
Talks on Religion	cloth,	1.50
Theosophical Society and Theosophy, The	paper,	.20
Sinnett, A. P. Esoteric Buddhism	cloth,	2.00
Occult World, The	cloth,	2.00
Walker, E. D. Reincarnation	cloth,	1.75
Idyll of the White Lotus	cloth,	1.35
Light on the Path	cloth, .75; leather, 1.50; lambskin,	1.75
Through the Gates of Gold	cloth,	1.20
Five Years of Theosophy	cloth,	3.50

THE QUARTERLY BOOK DEPARTMENT,

P. O. Box 64, Station O, New York.

Devotional: Bhagavad Gita; Crest Jewel of Wisdom; Fragments; From the Upanishads; Letters That Have Helped Me; Letters to Friends; Light on the Path; The Parables of the Kingdom; The Song of Life; Through the Gates of Gold; Voice of the Silence.

Philosophical: Abridgment of the Secret Doctrine; Isis Unveiled; Key to Theosophy; Plotinus; Reincarnation; The Secret Doctrine; Talks on Religion; Theosophical Glossary; Transactions; Patanjali's Yoga Sutras.

Introductory: Culture of Concentration; Echoes from the Orient; Esoteric Buddhism; Idyll of the White Lotus; Meditation; The Occult World; The Ocean of Theosophy; The Theosophical Society and Theosophy.

The Theosophical Society

Founded by H. P. Blavatsky at New York in 1875

THE Society does not pretend to be able to establish at once a universal brotherhood among men, but only strives to create the nucleus of such a body. Many of its members believe that an acquaintance with the world's religions and philosophies will reveal, as the common and fundamental principle underlying these, that "spiritual identity of all Souls with the Oversoul" which is the basis of true brotherhood; and many of them also believe that an appreciation of the finer forces of nature and man will still further emphasize the same idea.

The organization is wholly unsectarian, with no creed, dogma, nor personal authority to enforce or impose; neither is it to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who are expected to accord to the beliefs of others that tolerance which they desire for their own.

The following proclamation was adopted at the Convention of the Society, held at Boston, April, 1895:

"The Theosophical Society in America by its delegates and members in Convention assembled, does hereby proclaim fraternal good will and kindly feeling toward all students of Theosophy and members of Theosophical Societies wherever and however situated. It further proclaims and avers its hearty sympathy and association with such persons and organizations in all theosophical matters except those of government and administration, and invites their correspondence and co-operation.

"To all men and women of whatever caste, creed, race, or religious belief, who aim at the fostering of peace, gentleness, and unselfish regard one for another, and the acquisition of such knowledge of men and nature as shall tend to the elevation and advancement of the human race, it sends most friendly greeting and freely proffers its services.

"It joins hands with all religions and religious bodies whose efforts are directed to the purification of men's thoughts and the bettering of their ways, and it avows its harmony therewith. To all scientific societies and individual searchers after wisdom upon whatever plane, and by whatever righteous means pursued, it is and will be grateful for such discovery and unfoldment of Truth as shall serve to announce and confirm a *scientific basis for ethics*.

"And lastly, it invites to its membership those who, seeking a higher life hereafter, would learn to know the *path* to tread in this."

Applications for membership should be addressed to the Secretary T. S., P. O. Box 64, Station O, New York.